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War Work

of the

Asbury Park High School

Frederick E. Malick

The War Work of A.P.H.S.

A Record of the War Activities of the High School at Asbury Park, N. J.

1917-19

BY

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PREFACE

At the suggestion of the State Department of Education it was decided to compile a record of the war activities of our high school from the time the United States entered the war until its close.

The work has required many tedious hours in its preparation. But this time, taken from the hours of recreation, has been given freely and gladly by all who shared in this patriotic duty. For we have kept in mind that we were working not merely to leave a faithful record of these things, but that we were doing something for the boys who left all and went out from out midst, some of them never to return. Our chief motive has been to do this small service in grateful remembrance of their great sacrifices and noble deeds.

In compiling this record the editor has drawn freely from the war issues of the *Beacon,* our school paper. He has been aided in the collection of material by the students in his history classes. He desires, also, to acknowledge the efficient work of the typewriting department under Miss Mildred Bullock in the preparation of the first draft of the work.

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CONTENTS

I. The United States Enters the War 5

II. Funds for the War 7

III. The Work of the Faculty 9

IV. The Red Cross Work 15

V. Girls Work on the Farms 20

VI. The Girls Patriotic League 22

VII. War Speeches Before the School 23

VIII. The Effects of the War on the Curriculum 25

IX. Alumni who Died in the Service 26

X. Individual Records of Students and Alumni in the Service 39

XI. The Students Army Training Corps 68

XII. Notes on Students and Alumni in the Service 70

XIII. The End of the War 73

XIV. A Collection of Songs Used in School During the War 77

XV. A List of Students and Alumni in the Service 85

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By Frederick E. Malick, Asbury Park, N. J.

FEB 14 1921

The War Work of A. P. H. S.

CHAPTER I

THE UNITED STATES ENTERS THE WAR

America was patient and long suffering in spite of intolerable German offenses against our domestic peace and safety and aggressions on our rights on the sea. But at last the nation awoke and with furious might turned upon the common assailant of its own rights and those of humanity.

Every part of the country felt the thrill and answered the call. Our school was active from the beginning. Not many weeks after the summons to arms our boys began enlisting in the cavalry at Red Bank. Others who could not go, gave up school work to go to the farms and do their bit on the home front.

The spirit pervading the student body is well represented in an editorial of the school paper taken from the issue of November 1917. It is as follows:

"This issue of the *Beacon* finds the United States involved in the greatest war recorded in history. Every effort is being used to make the world safe for democracy. Our own school has responded to the call of the nation not only by the purchasing of bonds to help carry on the war, but in units for the building up of the army. It is through no lack of patriotism that a greater number of our students are kept from following, but rather the limitations placed by the government as to the required qualifications. Not only the student body but the faculty as well is represented in the vast army now assembling. Our hope is that Right will triumph over Might before our boys have been many months in the trenches. Those of us who remain at home will ever bear in mind the ones who voluntarily gave themselves at the time of their country's need."

Thus with patriotic enthusiasm we turned to war and sacrifice. And yet underneath there were other feelings, too. These were beautifully expressed in verse by Ruth Steinberg, '17 and the lines are appended below.

"Ensnared by Mars, thou peace abiding world,
Thy sons in deadly conflict have been hurled.
When once thy nations were with all at peace,
Then did thy race and industry increase.
But now thy sons' and daughters' hearts do yearn,
For their dear ones from battle to return.
Let's pray to God that peace He soon will send,
That war and desolation then will end."

CHAPTER II

FUNDS FOR THE WAR

Probably the most important war activity of the school, or at least the one most generally engaged in, was that one which had to do with the securing of funds both for the use of the government and other private organizations engaged in war work.

During the war the government put across five great loans amounting in all to about twenty billions of dollars. Every town had its quota which it had to meet in order to "go over the top" and secure its honor flag.

The call to the school to live up to its duty in the purchase of bonds was well sounded in an editorial of the school paper in April 1918. The article shows the school spirit and is well worth quoting at this point.

"To-day hundreds of thousands, I might say millions, of Americans are asking themselves the question, "What can I do?" They realize that the time has passed to do merely their "bit"—now they must do their best. Men beyond military age, and men who have responsibilities at home, women all over the country and even the children are asking the same question, "What can I do?" The soldier is unable to cope unarmed with the fury of the Hun, as he will be if the people of the United States do not back him in this great drive of the Third Liberty Loan. There is need for every dollar that can be spared. The money is being loaned, not given; and putting aside for a moment the privilege of buying a bond, the Liberty Bond is the best investment in the world, for the United States is behind it, with its promise to pay. This should be a minor consideration, however. Whenever we stop to think of the millions of men and boys who are willing and glad to give their lives that autocracy may be crushed, we have a vague feeling that we ought to do something. Let us obey that impulse—buy that bond now! The self-denial we make to enable us to buy a bond is trifling, compared to the one supreme sacrifice which the enlisted men are making. Lend a hand to the men "over there," help them "over the top," across the Rhine, and on into Berlin. Have a share in arming and feeding them. While the boys are out there in No Man's Land, we must do our part here at home

by over-subscribing our quota. Thus we will show Germany that America is in the field to win, to win soon, and to establish democracy firmly, once for all. The time to act is now."

In this spirit we went to work with the determination to do all in our power along this line. We took part in the civic parades for the Liberty Loans, we canvassed for bonds and stamps and above all we bought bonds and stamps.

The total subscribed for government uses by the high school was almost forty thousand dollars ($39,837.75). This was a per capita subscription of about sixty-five dollars. It does not include the amounts contributed outright to such organizations as the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, etc. These amounts would probably total from two to three thousand dollars additional. Of this amount of almost forty thousand dollars subscribed to the government, most of it was in the form of bonds. The exact amount is $33,700. Most of these bonds were purchased outside the school walls.

The remainder ($6,137.75) was secured through the sale of Thrift Stamps, the ordinary denomination being twenty-five cents.

The sale of these stamps was carried on in a very systematic way. Clubs were organized in each room by the room teacher. Definite amounts weekly were pledged by those students who joined and each week on "thrift stamp" day the student purchased that amount of stamps from the teacher. The teacher in turn passed on the money to the principal who purchased the total amount of stamps weekly for the school, through the superintendent's office.

In order to promote rivalry between the rooms graphic records were made by the art department and posted each week.

The system worked well, and it accomplished a two fold purpose. Not only was the government aided by the loans, but the students also were taught important lessons in economy and thrift.

CHAPTER III

THE WORK OF THE FACULTY

It may justly be said of the teachers and school officials thruout this country that while most of them were not called to the field of battle, yet they did comprise an important element in that large reserve army on this side which backed up and secured the men on the front.

In order to reach the mass of the people the government worked through the press, the school and the church. And so it came about that those at the head of the schools were called upon for service in many outside organizations and also to give their time and thought to the marshalling of the large army of school children under their charge.

Outside the school room, the ladies went into such activities as the Red Cross, First Aid, and the Canteen Service; the men canvassed for the various loans and war drives.

Within the school room all were engaged in organizing and carrying out such projects as the loans, war drives, the Red Cross, Patriotic League, etc.

In the line of money contributions the faculty subscribed for all purposes over ten thousand dollars. Of this amount about nine thousand ($8,650) was for Liberty Bonds; nearly eight hundred dollars ($771) was for War Saving Stamps and the remainder was for other causes.

Three of our men teachers not included in the first draft, offered themselves for active service, two others saw active service, one in this country and the other in France. A record of their work is given below.

Summary of the Service of E. S. Carleton:

July 9, '18, reported at Ft. Slocum, N. Y.
July 12, '18, reported at Ft. Delaware, Del.
Sept. 4, '18, made Corporal 3rd Co. Del.
Sept. 18, '19, sent to Coast Artillery School, Ft. Monroe.
Nov. 8, '19, passed final for grade of Sergeant-Major.
Dec. 12, '19, sent to Camp Devens and discharged.

Summary of the service of James M. Coleman:

Sept. 20, '17, entered service in Co. B, 311 Infantry, Camp Dix, N. J.

Dec. 30, '17, transferred to Co. F. 1st N. H. Infantry, Camp Green, N. C.

Jan. 28, '18, Co. 7, 1st Army Head Quarters Reg.

March 19, '18, Sailed for France.

March 19, '18, Landed at Bordeaux. Guard duty.

Aug. 24, '19, Criminal Investigation Work.

July 5, '19, Sailed from Bordeaux.

July 24, '19, Discharged Camp Dix, N. J.

The following letters written by Mr. Coleman will be of interest in connection with the data given above. The first, written to the *Beacon,* was printed in the edition of February 1918, and is as follows:

Editor *Beacon*: I need not say how much I miss my school work and the many pleasant associations with faculty and students. I think of you all every day and look forward to the time when I can resume my work among you. The life of a soldier is a very strenuous one. My military training in college has helped me a lot, and I am very thankful that I had this advantage to start with. We are on the go at Camp Dix from early morn until bedtime. We start our work at 5.45 A. M., and in these cold winter days it is very trying to the flesh to get out of bed and commence work. But a good soldier never complains, indeed the first requisite is prompt and cheerful obedience. This is no place for grouches if you expect to get along. I like Uncle Sam very much and he is certainly taking good care of us. We are provided with warm clothing, substantially made, while the mess is first class. I find that my appetite improves each day, and the "eats" are well cooked and served in abundance. Of course we are not provided with finger bowls, and cut glass is conspicuous by its absence, but these trifles are not missed.

We have been doing considerable target practice of late. We are marched five miles to the rifle ranges, practice all morning, and then back to camp, and believe me, after a ten-mile hike the dinner call is a mighty welcome sound. I have my warrant as "Corporal," which is a start on the upward grade. If I come back

a Major General I will have my commission framed and hung in the high school auditorium. Athletics are quite prominent in the camp life. When we are off duty we have inter-company and inter-regimental games, in which every one takes an active interest. I followed very closely the work of the high school boys on the football field, and now my vision is turned toward your basketball contests. I sincerely trust that everybody will turn in and make the coming year a big one for Asbury. And now in conclusion let me give three lusty cheers for Asbury Park High School, its faculty and fine student body. Sincerely your friend,

James M. Coleman.

Camp Dix, December 29, 1917.

The second of these letters, quoted, was written to his parents from Bordeaux, France, on Christmas Eve, 1918. It is a good description of a doughboy's Christmas and makes interesting reading. He says:

"You must be thinking to-night that I am facing a pretty glum Christmas, and so I was all day. But to-night it is different, and when I go to bed, it will have been the happiest Christmas Eve I have ever enjoyed. The thing that did it, apparently, was our Christmas tree, but I know better that the tree is only a symbol of the greater thought behind it: My love for you.

But I will tell you how we made the tree, and why, and there never was a tree like it for conception and beauty too, in our eyes. We went out in the woods and cut a little branch off a tree that resembled some what our Christmas tree, only it was more thorny, and had little yellow flowers on it. On the artillery range we found a spent shell, filled it with sand, and stuck the tree in it. Then I took a white blanket I have and spread it around the bottom of the tree to resemble our time-honored snow, for I wouldn't miss any of our traditions. It was pretty dirty snow, though, but a little talcum powder sprinkled on it, gave us our true white Christmas.

You will remember the comfort kit you gave me last year. Well, I still have some of the absorbent cotton left, so I draped some of it around the shell and the bottom of the tree for more snow and pulled the rest apart and put it in small bits all over the tree. The blue wrapper which was around the cotton, we used

to make balls which we tied on the tree. Not having enough colored paper, we made white balls and painted them with red ink, and they added greatly to the appearance of the tree.

My room-mate had a book of pictures and we cut them out for further trimmings. We then took five large candles and cut them into smaller ones, then painted them up with red and blue ink. We did not have any candy canes which I used to revel in, so we bought some cigarettes, oranges and nuts. The cigarettes we impaled upon the thorns all over the tree and put the oranges and nuts around the bottom for our "plates." We supported the tree on either side with our bayonets, and at the very top, I crowned it with the little silk flag which you wrapped around the Bible you gave me when I went away. And there you have our tree, a real home-made affair, but the making of it brought the happiest time I have had for a long time.

One thing I forgot and you must have missed it too, in this description: that is the absence of tinsel. But we found three extra service chevrons, we unwound the gold from them and strung it around the tree. I was bound to have a tree, and all the time I was fixing it, I thought I was really home with you enjoying the happiness and laughter that always accompanied the trimming of our house tree. So that in thought to-night, I am still your small boy, who thoroughly believes in Santa Claus."

"Chippy" also writes that he is on the regimental football team and thus far, the team had won every game, so that the rest of the teams are after their scalps. In the last game played, "Chippy" scored the goal for his team, and the captain of his company was so exalted over it, that he made him a substantial present.

(Reported by Margaret Van Mater, '20)

THE CANTEEN SERVICE

Services in one of the local canteens was one of the war contributions of one of our lady members of the faculty, Miss Alta Anderson. Miss Anderson's home is in Long Branch, N. J., and her work was done at that place. The facts below have been supplied by her and will help to convey an idea of the kind of work done at these places.

These local canteens were centers of rest and recreation for any U. S. soldier or sailor during the hours he was off duty. The one here described was located in the Army and Navy Club rooms on the corner of Ocean Avenue and Broadway.

This canteen was open for about two years every day from 5 P. M. to 11 P. M. except Saturdays and Sundays when it was opened at 11 A. M.

About two hundred workers were engaged in doing this voluntary service for the men. These workers were divided into fourteen units, each one consisting of a lieutenant and ten helpers.

It was the duty of the lieutenant to see that every member of the unit was at the canteen on the scheduled time and to supervise the work at that time.

Every member of these units were in canteen dress and cap. It was her work to wait upon the soldiers in regard to refreshments and in general to make the atmosphere of the pleasant and wholesome.

A menu of this canteen, including the prices charged, is given below:

Ham and Eggs (2 pieces of bread served with them)	.25
Soup	.10
Coffee	.05
Tea	.05
Cocoa	.05
Cake	.05
Pie	.05
Ice Cream	.10
Ice Cream Soda	.10
Plain Soda	.05
Grape Juice	.05
Lemonade	.05
Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches	.15
Cold Egg Sandwiches	.05
Fried Egg Sandwiches	.10
Fried Ham Sandwiches	.10
Cold Ham Sandwiches	.05
Hot Roast Beef with 2 pieces of Bread	.15
Potatoes	.05
2 Fried Eggs with 2 pieces of Bread	.15
Pie a la mode	.10 and .15

In addition to the above stamps, cigars, cigarettes, candy and chewing gum were provided at minimum prices.

The social needs of the men, also were cared for. At all times they had at their disposal pool, cards, magazines, books, piano, victrola and writing materials free of charge. Dances were given every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at which the canteen workers acted as patrons.

During the summer a professional program was given every Wednesday evening followed by dancing, with ice cream and cake served to all the boys (350 or 400 of them) free. The boys had a chance of hearing the best from the theatrical circles.

The number in attendance was from two to three hundred daily.

Beginning with May 15, 1919, the Army and Navy Club was used for convalescent soldiers, sent there from different hospitals. These men no longer needed medical service, simply rest and recreation. The second floor of the club was comfortably fitted up with cots. Three meals were served to these men, every day, free of charge. Any food between meals cost them the regular canteen price. This necessitated longer hours for canteen workers, from 8 A. M. until 11 P. M. every day in the week.

CHAPTER IV

THE RED CROSS WORK

Our work for the American Red Cross began in the fall of 1918. At that time we learned that a campaign was being started by President MacCracken of Vassar College to enroll all the schools throughout the United States in the Junior Red Cross. In order to secure such enrollment, it was necessary for any school to raise a sum equivalent to the average of twenty-five cents for each student. Our student enrollment was then about six hundred, and our requirement was accordingly one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

In order to introduce the work, we asked Miss Alice Cambell, secretary of the Junior Red Cross of the Atlantic Division, to speak before the high school. Miss Cambell gave an inspiring talk. She spoke of the need for our work and financial aid in support of this worthy cause.

The cause was well supported by the school paper in the following editorial in the issue of December, 1917.

"When President Wilson issued his proclamation creating a Junior Red Cross, he brought into being one of the most vital forces which is helping to win the war. This organization is open to everyone of the twenty-two millions school children in the United States. In the various departments of the school, much may be done to aid the Red Cross; such as making bandages and hospital garments, splints, clothing for the refugee children, and even delicacies for the convalescent soldiers. It is the success attained in many schools which has decided the Red Cross to take this new step. The vocational classes in New York State alone in one term made during the last few weeks of the school year over forty thousand articles for the Red Cross. Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council, American Red Cross, says: The American Red Cross welcomes the school children of the United States into its ranks. To safeguard the future of the world these children are one day to inherit, is America's essential purpose in this war. That children should have a part in loyal services by ministering to the comforts and welfare of their fathers and brothers under arms, and by helping to life the heavy

burden of misery from our Allies, is wholly fitting, and in every task which these boys and girls find to do under the sign of the Red Cross, they are building foundations of their own future citizenship."

The result was an enthusiastic campaign to raise the required amount to make us a Red Cross school. A lively competition was carried on between the various class rooms of the school, and the relative progress of each was represented by graphs, which were changed at the end of each week. By Christmas our full quota was met, the last twenty dollars having been raised by the sale of Christmas cards, made by the drawing classes.

The amounts collected by the various classes are as follows:

Freshmen	$26.70
Sophomores	32.80
Juniors	12.15
Seniors	12.25
Other sources	21.25
Total	$105.15

Since then, we have been using this money to buy materials to be used to make supplies needed by the Red Cross.

With the exception of some printing and typewriting, this part of the work has been carried on by girls, who volunteered to work under the direction of certain members of the faculty. It was the custom every Friday afternoon for these girls to meet in the sewing room of the Ingalls Building to make surgical dressings and muslin bandages. The work was carried on also in the regular sewing class of the school where clothes were made for soldiers and for needy refugees, such as those of Belgium and northern France. Between February and June of 1918, the girls in this department finished one hundred and sixty-seven hospital garments, and two hundred and three articles for refugee children.

During the year Bradley School and Emery Street Annex of the Bond Street School made garments for the Red Cross in their sewing classes, and the boys made boxes for the shipment of goods in connection with their manual training.

After the signing of the armistice in November, 1918, the need for this work decreased and interest dropped but some work was continued, principally in the sewing classes.

(From the official report, June 1918, of Martha E. Parkhill, chairman of the School Committee Asbury Park Branch of American Red Cross.)

The following speeches were given by students in a school contest which was held to stimulate interest in the Red Cross work.

THE HEALING HAND

Just yesterday, our sons, fathers, and brothers were called to fight for liberty and justice. Today, due to their heroic bravery and courage, the vastest, most cruel war in history is over.

The war is over, yes, but the greater task of reconstruction is begun. And upon us, who have been sheltered from the deadliest agony of war, falls the paramount privilege and duty of feeding and clothing our less fortunate allies. It is for us to give financial aid to the "Greatest Mother in the World," who only can bind up the wounds of bleeding France and Belgium,—the American Red Cross. They are her garments which protect the ragged orphans of those stricken lands from wind and storm. It is she who brings to their sick and wounded the comforts and medical care, without which they must perish. It is she who feeds the emaciated little ones, the poor, famished mothers and starving daughters of our brother nations. She has been with them through that fiend's inferno. She still is with them in their hour of trial, smoothing their all too sharp and jagged pathway with her tender hands and administering lovingly to every need.

The war is over, yes, but most of our laddies are still "over there." And just as she befriends her French and Belgian children, the American Red Cross is befriending and will befriend your boy. What would he do in camp, hospital or city, without the ever present "one who cares?" She provides the many amusement places, rest houses and canteens, which help our boys to while away the tedious hours. And in the hospitals, how often does her skill coax into flame the precious, wavering spark of life, and cheer our loved ones thru their long, hard convalescence! So, now, knowing how much this willing comrade means to our defenders, can we rob them of her? Shall we make them believe that their well being is nothing to us, when they have

served and sacrificed so long? NEVER! We must not tear from this "Greatest Mother," who only can dispense the little luxuries and comforts, they crave. But without our help her work will cease. She looks to us for the resources with which to carry on her noble mission. We cannot fail her now. Our Allies and soldiers have given all for us. What have we done, what can we do, to show that we at least are grateful? Mere words will not convince them of our fervor. Then let us act! Let us each and all, with one accord, answer the "Red Cross Christmas Roll Call!"

Naomi Eleanore Warne, '20.

"WHY WE SHOULD JOIN THE RED CROSS"

The Red Cross is the greatest mother in the world; it is the mission of mercy, kindness and charity. It devotes itself to the extension of our ideals, and the spirit of humanity; and as President Wilson said, "Nowhere can its cause be extended to better advantage than in our schools."

Into the lands where the tooth of war has bitten to the bone, healing and courage have been carried; where hitherto, America had been only the unmeaning name of something very far away. The simple name of the Red Cross, has become a synonym of friendship and the surety of relief.

There is still, today the greatest army in France that has ever fought under the American flag. It is not only the greatest in numbers but in organization and war making powers. Upon that army hung the destiny of the United States, the future of every child in this country, of that very liberty, that liberty that you so highly prize. Although that army has been successful and peace has come so quickly, there must be no slowing down. Our men and our allies still require hospital supplies, canteens and sympathetic aid. The Christmas Roll Call, therefore, is not a call merely for temporary support, but for necessary relief work in the future.

Besides it is the Christmas season. If for a moment we had forgotten our loving debt, the memory of it, would now be revived with double force. Let us remember that it is Christmas over there where hearts beat bold at the thought of home, where

the bravest souls would shrivel but for the certainty that the home lines hold firm.

Is there a single one among the millions of patriotic Americans who needs urging to help and encourage our men over there? We all know their courage and their sufferings and all of us have learned long ago that they have faced death and worse to let us live. It seems unthinkable that anyone in all the land need be summoned for full duty at this time.

One phase of the work that has been carried on by the Red Cross "over there," has been beautifully worked out in the following poem by Miss Bolling.

"Over the ocean, under the sky,
Here on the battle-field I lie
I look to the sky but it all shows red,
Red as the blood my breast has bled;
I look again, I see a gleam of light
Of something as clean as the snow, and as white.
It touches me on my breast and head,
I think it an angel, with wings outspread,
To bear me to heaven when I am dead,
I kiss the cross,—and the cross is red."

The Red Cross is not only a very important factor in the relief work "over there," but it is also of tremendous value to the communal life in this country. Take, for instance, the work of the Red Cross during the recent epidemic; when whole families were stricken from the oldest to the youngest and from the strongest to the weakest, the Red Cross band went boldly to the front, offered its service and relieved the poor sufferers.

Let us make it unanimous; take the small amount of one dollar from your pocket and join the Red Cross. Thus you will send forth to the whole human family Christmas greetings for which they wait and for which they stand in greatest need.

Clinton Henry, '19.

CHAPTER V

GIRLS' WORK ON THE FARMS

During the summers of 1917 and 1918 many war gardens were kept by students of our city schools. The success attending their efforts was shown up in the display held at the end of the seasons.

Two of the high school girls, Isabelle Goorley and Dorothy Brown, answered the call of the Woman's Land Army of America of New York City to engage in farm work at St. James, Long Island.

With their brothers in the field of war they experienced many inconveniences coincident with their work. Clad in overalls, and wearing big straw hats, they worked from eight in the morning to five in the evening for fifty cents a day. And the meals had nothing on "Corn Willy" or "Army Slum." At night sixteen of the total twenty-eight "bunked" in a large billiard room on "ticks" filled with straw.

Their work was of various kinds and included such things as plowing, planting, weeding, hoeing, cutting skunk cabbage, picking fruit, pitching hay, stacking and thrashing wheat, currying horses and milking the cows.

In the article below taken from the *Beacon* of December 1918, a days work is described by Isabelle Goorley in her own inimitable style.

THE FARMERETTES

Bang! Bang! Bang! Two pans knocked together say, "You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up to-day."

This was what the farmerettes heard every morning at half past five. Up we all jumped and were soon eating our breakfast. The girls who finished first ran out and started to crank the Ford. We always had to work with it half an hour before it was really wanted, for it took that long to start it. At first we tried turning it. After we had cranked for twenty minutes, it did not show any life at all. We then started pushing it out. If it didn't go

then, we gave it a hot shower-bath and started cranking again! What was that faint noise we heard? Yes, it had really started.

This was the signal for every one to jump in. Some of us sat on the floor, others hung frantically on the running board, or any other available place. Then we were off for a day's work. We rode that way for ten or twelve miles, or until we reached the place where we were to work that day.

If you were to ask a farmerette what grows the quickest and best, you would hear her say, "Weeds! Weeds! Weeds!" We pulled and hoed weeds all day long, and the next day did the same thing over again. If crops would only grow as fast as weeds, we would have enough to feed all the armies in the world.

One day it was cloudy and the hay had to be put into the barn. "Kit," the horse, was old and contrary, and even rain would not make her work any harder than she had to. The hayraker was only made for one, but another girl and I got in, and made that horse feel as if her last day had come. But, nevertheless, we brought the hay and the horse in before it rained.

The dampest job of a farmerette was cutting skunk cabbage in the swamps. We would cut awhile, swim awhile, and then cut some more.

Another day was spent in cutting sprouts off the tree stumps, but you would think by the number of stings we had, that we had been hunting yellow jackets instead.

At five o'clock, if the Ford was in good working order, we started for home. We hardly waited for the car to stop before we were at the dinner table. As soon as we finished dinner, we were off for a swim. At nine thirty we were all ready for bed, and the prayer that each farmerette sent up was for rain. But as it rained only two and a half days in three months, our prayers seemed seldom answered.

Isabelle Goorley, '19.

CHAPTER VI

THE GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

On Friday, February 1, 1918, Mrs. Lewis, speaker and organizer of the Girls' Patriotic League of New Jersey, addressed the girls of the high school urging them to organize a Girls' Patriotic League in this school. Shortly afterward, as a result of Mrs. Lewis' effective and stirring talk, such a league was formed with Miss Galvin, one of our teachers, as commandant.

The purpose of the league is stated in the pledge which is as follows: "I pledge myself to uphold the honor of my country, my community, myself, and other girls; to do personal service, whenever possible to my country, my community, and other girls."

In order to become a member it was necessary for a student to sign a card bearing the above pledge and pay the small sum of five cents to the organization. Each member was given a button, containing in a white field encircled by the American emblem, the blue letters "G. P. L." About one hundred girls joined the league.

The preliminary meetings were held in Room 40 of the high school. Here Miss Galvin outlined the work and made an appeal to the interests of the girls in furthering it.

Active work was then begun in connection with Red Cross League of the high school and at this time consisted chiefly in making bandages. Later the girls were given a room of their own in the Press Building where they devoted two afternoons a week to making dresses, shawls, stockings and other articles of clothing for the people of devastated France.

They gave active service, also, during the Liberty Loan, Thrift Stamp and Red Cross drives. At these times they served on the streets or conducted booths in public places in order to help further these worthy objects.

The work of the league continued until the close of the war and the organization was then dissolved.

(Reported by Naomie Warne, '20.)

CHAPTER VII

WAR SPEECHES BEFORE THE SCHOOL

Some light will be thrown upon our war activities in the school by the sort of speeches delivered before the student body during the war. In addition to our own four minute contests by the students on the Red Cross and War Saving Stamps, there were many speeches delivered by special speakers sent for this purpose. In the early days these speeches touched on such subjects as the Junior Red Cross, the Girls Patriotic League, War Saving Stamps, Liberty Bonds and the like.

One of the best examples of this type of speech was that delivered by Captain Simmons, a man who was sent by the United States government to investigate the true state of affairs "over there." This speaker made two addresses in Asbury Park, the first in the Armory in 1918, and the second in the high school in the spring of 1919.

Captain Simmons came from New England and was formerly an artic explorer. Big in mind and body and commanding the most elegant and forceful English, his description of scenes perpetrated by the Huns were at times harrowing and dramatic. He had been an eye witness of much of what he described. His business was to tour the country to try to wake the people up to their duty. One of his sentences was: "Oh, America! of these three words—sacrifice, sorrow and suffering you have not yet learned the first letter." In closing he laid each person's duty upon his own conscience telling them that when the war was finally won by the Allies each one would have to face his conscience in the quiet of his own closet and there before God answer this question: "In this supreme battle for the world's freedom, did I do my duty?"

Toward the close of the war most of the speeches were by men returned from service abroad and were of a more entertaining character.

The writer remembers one good natured army chaplain who was returned to the States because of poor health. He was especially entertaining and readily captured the students by his unique rendition of some of the army songs. Of these the most famous

one was entitled "Pull your Shades down Mary Anne." Not only the words but the air was catchy and the students took to it with considerable gusto. The words are as follows:

"Pull your shades down Mary Anne,
Pull your shades down Mary Anne,
For last night in the pale moonlight,
I saw you, I saw you.
You were combing your auburn hair,
Before you hung it upon the chair,
If you want to keep your secrets
From your future man
Keep your shades down Mary Anne."

Two more examples of these speeches are given below. They are short accounts clipped verbatim from the *Beacon.*

The first account is that of Billy Grant. It is clipped from the Christmas edition of 1918, and is as follows:

"Billy" Grant, of the Gordon Highlanders, spoke on Tuesday, November 12. He told how his regiment had been in the thickest of the fight, and while in battle around Ypres, he had received a wound in the thigh. After his speech, yells were given by the school for Grant, the Yanks, and the Allies."

The second is that of Dr. Clifford and is taken from the edition of June 1919.

"When, on Monday, May 19, Mr. Huff introduced Dr. Clifford, a returned overseas Y. M. C. A. man, as the speaker, we knew that we were to hear a fine address.

Dr. Clifford, who was a Baptist minister down in Arizona, previous to his going over, completely fulfilled our expectations. Avoiding almost altogether, mention of how he won the Croix de Guerre, and the Lorraine Cross, for extraordinary heroism, Dr. Clifford dealt mostly with the characteristics and qualities of the Marines, a subject which he presented in both a forceful and humorous manner."

CHAPTER VIII

THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON THE CURRICULUM

The war affected considerable changes in the high school curriculum. Some of these changes were merely accelerated by the war, but others were clearly due to it alone. In general the tendency seemed to be to emphasize the more practical subjects and those which tended to develop good citizens.

Accordingly there was a falling off in work intended primarily for mental discipline such as the study of Latin. In this department there was a noticeable decline during the two years of the war. This was also true in a less degree of some branches of mathematics.

In the Department of History and Government some new branches appeared and either during the war or shortly afterward became permanent fixtures. In the Freshman year Community Civics was required of all students, while in the Senior year work in Social Problems and Economics became compulsory.

A course in physical drill was also introduced and required of all the students during the entire four years in the high school. The minimum requirement was one hundred and fifty minutes per week. This work included a daily physical drill and one additional period devoted to such subjects as Community Civics, Military Tactics, First Aid and Problems of American Democracy.

The changes in the Department of Modern Languages were remarkable and due directly to the war. Here the pendulum swung from the study of German to that of French and Spanish. But the change was brought about gradually so as not to inconvenience those students who had already started German and were planning to offer it for college.

The extent of this change appears clearly thru a comparison of the number of students pursuing these languages in the years of 1917 and 1920. In the school year of 1917-1918 there were in all two hundred and thirty-three students taking work in German. In the next year the number fell to seventy-six and by the second half of the third year was reduced to six. On the other hand in 1919-1920, there were seventy pupils studying Spanish and one hundred and seventy-four taking French.

CHAPTER IX

ALUMNI WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE

Four of our alumni died in the service. They are Esther Slocum, class of 1905; Lieutenant G. Franklin Coble, class of 1912; Gustav Goetz, class of 1916; and Norman Bloodgood, class of 1917.

These have paid the supreme price. Nothing we can say can do justice to their deeds nor assuage the grief of their friends. And yet we cannot pass by without paying our mite of tribute to those of our number who without hesitation answered the call "to go West."

Early in our school days we learned to con the line "'Tis sweet to die for one's country." Four of our number proved the truth of those words. But they did more than that, and so they have left us a greater spiritual heritage. For they all died in noble and heroic action voluntarily stepping to the post of extreme danger where soon they were to lay so costly a sacrifice on the altar of the world's freedom. This volunteer element stands out in the records of each one of them.

In the case of Miss Slocum, it was the extra work she voluntarily assumed on Sundays and outside of regular office hours which broke her health. This additional service was performed for worn out men returning from the front. Thinking of them and less of herself she records in her diary "It makes the pettiness of our grumblings even pettier, makes life worth while."

Again and again she was advised by the Medical Department to give up her work and return to the States for the sake of her health. The record below gives her answer. Less than two weeks before her death we find her writing the Medical Department begging to be allowed to work a few months longer "just to see if I've forgotten how."

The same volunteer spirit stands out in the records of Lieutenant Coble and here the part was nobly played amidst the din of battle and screaming shells. Excerpts from his record tell us that while he was attending an advanced school for officers his division moved up to start the big drive near Verdun. Voluntarily he rejoined his unit just about a half hour before the bat-

talion engaged in the heaviest fighting of the campaign, and a little below we read this line: "It was at this time Lieutenant Coble was fatally wounded by a high explosive shell." And still further on we read from his commanding officer: "It was the finest example of manliness and control I've ever seen and I've prayed many times that I might do as well should the opportunity occur," and so as he travelled West he wore the red badge of courage and manly self control.

And it was so with Gustav Goetz. His own pal who was with him at the time of his death in the Argonne-Meuse drive writes that before the battle they both asked to be removed from the stretchers for more active service on the front. "Gus was given a job as rifle grenadier and myself as machine gunner" and "it was on the morning of November 1 about 10:30 that Gus got hit with a piece of shell on the side of the head from which he died a few days later."

And we are proud, too, of the record of Norman Bloodgood for it reads this way: "Volunteers were called for—Bloodgood and another man named Walton volunteered. They lashed themselves to the forecastle deck—the heavy strain snapped the line—it was impossible owing to the tempestuous seas to assist them, and they were never seen again." And below the Executive officer of the ship writing to Norman's father states: "I desire to express to you my sentiments regarding one of the noblest boys who ever died for this country of ours." And again: "Norman died as much a hero as the most famous soldier in France."

GUSTAV H. GOETZ '16

Gustav Goetz was born in New York City, August 17, 1897. At that place he received most of his education and later went to Asbury Park where he was graduated from the high school in June 1916. After his graduation he returned to New York engaging in clerical work and later entering the Alexander Hamilton Institute to get a training for business. He had not yet completed this course at the time of his enlistment.

On August 19, 1918, Goetz enlisted in the Lafayette Esquadrille at New York City. Five days later he sailed for France and landed at Bordeaux.

Shortly after landing in France he enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps at Paris. Thence he was sent to a training camp at Chattillion sur Cher where he remained about ten days and received full equipment for the front.

Leaving Chattillion October 18, he was transferred to the 83 Leg. 6th. Reg. 2nd Marines and set out immediately for the second drive on Rheims. At this time he acted as a stretcher bearer.

Thence his company hiked back to Sommerance to participate in the Argonne-Meuse drive about November 1.

Before this drive Goetz asked to be removed from the stretchers and he was accordingly made a rifle grenadier.

In this battle on November 2, he was struck by a piece of shell on the side of the head. He died four days later and was burried nearby at Bayonsville.

One of his Camp pals, Emil Anderson of Brooklyn, N. Y., was with him at the time he was fatally wounded. In a letter of February 7, 1920, Mr. Anderson says: "He was, up to the time he received his wound, in the best of health and evidently enjoying himself shooting rifle grenades at the Boche only a short distance away. I know that he accounted for a few at any rate before he got his."

"He was one of the finest fellows I ever met and was well thought of by all. Personally I liked him very much and he was what was considered my Buddie, as I was always with him."

ESTHER SLOCUM '05

Esther Slocum was graduated from our own high school in 1905 and from the Star of Sea Academy in 1906. After her graduation she was first employed by the Ricker and Ricker Law Firm and later by the Fidelity Trust Company, both of Newark, N. J. She was in the employment of the latter when she enlisted for secretarial work in the Y. M. C. A. of the A. E. F. in France.

During the first six months beginning November 1917, Miss Slocum's work was performed in the main building of the American branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Paris. She lived at the Hotel Petrograd where she had the advantage of meeting many other prominent American workers and writers

In addition to her secretarial work in the Y. M. C. A., Miss Slocum spent her spare time and Sundays working in the canteens, where they served the men as they came in from the front, cold, hungry, dirty, and tired. They would furnish them with food, amusements, and beds. Referring to this phase of the work in her diary she remarks, "It makes the pettiness of our own grumblings even pettier. Makes work here seem more worth while."

During this period in Paris she speaks at times of the air raids made by the Germans. One time when she was walking thru the streets of Paris the air raid alarm was given and she had to run down two flights of stairs into an underground chamber for safety. She also makes reference to the smoke of the big guns and to the sight of the people leaving the city as a means of greater security.

In May of 1918 Miss Slocum was transferred to the French branch of the service and was located at the Foyer du Soldat. Here also she continued her extra work at the canteen when her regular office hours were over.

In November of this same year she went to Strassburg, Alsace. At this time she acted as a private secretary to G. H. Berry who went to establish the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in the wake of the French army. About Christmas she returned to Paris in bad health due to over-work, poor food and exposure.

After her return from Strassburg, she gave up her regular office work and devoted all her time to the work of the canteen hoping in the meantime to recover her health. In the middle of February, however, being taken seriously ill, she was operated on for an abdominal tumor. The operation was successful and upon her recovery she was sent to the Y. M. C. A. Convalescent Apartments in Paris. Here she remained until the early part of April when she reported to the Medical Department of the Y. M. C. A.

At this time she was advised by the Medical Department to return to the United States on account of her health, but upon her request was allowed to remain in France and was sent to Menton, on the Mediterranean Sea. Here she was to rest and recover more strength preparatory to a return to this country.

Miss Slocum's heroic desire for service for her country is revealed in the following letter written from Menton less than two weeks before her death.

Hotel Regina, Menton,
April 25, 1919.

My Dear Dr. Binet:

Have I your permission to stay here a week or so longer? The army doctor approves. He says yes to anything, which troubles my conscience. But the sun is out nice and hot to-day and I hate to leave it all. Will be very obedient when I come back and will go home if you so advise, but hope you'll let me work until July, just to see if I've forgotten how.

Respectfully,
(signed) Esther Slocum.

In reply to this letter, the Medical Department granted her request for a longer stay at Menton and again advised her to make up her mind to return home.

Her death followed shortly afterward. Being taken seriously ill April 29, she was removed to the Red Cross hospital the next day. She was operated on for intestinal stoppage and died one day later, May 3, 1919.

The funeral took place on the following Monday at 2:30 at a Scotch Presbyterian Church. It was a full military funeral with a band of forty pieces, a military escort and a firing squad. Twenty-six Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, a number of Red Cross nurses, and many soldiers marched in the procession and paid their respects. Quantities of flowers were furnished by the Y. M. C. A. ladies.

She was laid to rest at Nice, France, in the Calicade Cemetery side by side with many other American heroes and heroines. Her mother has received many letters of sympathy for her daughter's noble work of love and sacrifice.

(Reported by Minerva Rogers, '20.)

Letter of the chaplain regarding the last illness and death of Miss Slocum:

May 5, 1919.

My Dear Mrs. Slocum:

I am writing you in regard to your daughter's death which occurred in our Hospital in Menton Saturday A. M., May 3. She was operated for intestinal trouble and lived a day after the operation. She seemed very much run down and did not

have the strength to survive. The operation was absolutely necessary since a gangrene condition was developing. I saw her the evening before she was operated on but she was too sick to talk much. She was rational and asked me to get her mail and report her condition to Madam Ly Buysseur who was her companion at the Regina Hotel. We had a memorial service in honor of your daughter's sacrifice and heroism which she so generously demonstrated in the great cause. You can well be proud of the service she has rendered. Our hearts go out to you in your sadness and we pray you may be given strength and faith to feel that God knows best and always does the best for us. The body will be buried in the cemetery at Nice May 5.

Yours most sincerely,

Chaplain S. A. Guffish,
Menton Leave Area,
127 Frazer St.,
Findlay, Ohio.

LIEUTENANT G. FRANKLIN COBLE, '12

Lieutenant G. Franklin Coble, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Coble, 1200 Fifth Avenue, Asbury Park, N. J., was born at Asbury Park, N. J., July 21, 1894.

He was graduated from the Asbury Park High School in 1912 and from New York University in 1915. From the latter school he received the degree of Batchelor of Commercial Science, and while in attendance there became a member of the Alpha Gamma Psi fraternity.

Being a lover of out door life he spent much of his leisure time in fishing and hunting, in the region surrounding his home town.

He was, likewise, very much interested in athletics, holding several medals in football and canoe racing. He was corps leader in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. on 23rd St., New York City, where he made his home while in that place.

He held an executive position with Allyn & Bacon, publishers of educational literature previous to enlisting in the service of his country, and had the promise of a bright business career for which he seemed especially fitted.

During the summer of 1916 he took advantage of the military training at Plattsburg, N. Y., and gained the sharp-shooter's medal. The following winter he trained in New York with members and post graduates of the New York University, spending much of his time out of business hours in further military practice.

In the spring of 1917 he applied for the officers training camp at Fort Myer, Va., and was accepted, graduating with the first class of officers, as a Second Lieutenant of Infantry, being raised to First Lieutenant in France on October 28, 1918, by special order.

In August of this same year he was assigned to Camp Lee. He aided in the training of men being sent there for the first draft army from western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Maryland. During almost the entire time the division was in training at Camp Lee, Lieutenant Coble was on detached service at division headquarters. In this capacity he came daily in close contact with the staff and had many friends amongst the higher officers.

He left Camp Lee for service abroad May 20, 1918, as a member of Co. B. 318th Infantry 80th Division. The division sailed from Hoboken, N. J., on the Leviathan and landed at Brest May 30. Being among the early American divisions on the other side, the division was attached to the British army and sent to Calais to be re-equipped with British ordinance.

There it was held in the British sector for further training. During their stay of something over two months, in that sector, there was hardly a night in which they were not subject to air-raids and they took over the line several times between Arras and Albert. They also participated in the offensive of early August and about the 15th of the month received orders to join the rapidly growing American army which was soon to make history at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne.

While Lieutenant Coble was attending an advanced school for officers at Clemency the division moved up near Verdun to start the big drive on September 26. Voluntarily he rejoined his unit October 4 just about a half an hour before the battalion engaged in the heaviest fighting of the campaign. The losses on that day were terrible; all the officers with the exception of Lieutenant Coble's captain and himself being either killed or wounded.

Several days later the company was pulled out of the lines

for rest and replacements near Bar Le Duc, moving up again on the 25th and actively participating in the final drive which was to end on November 11.

It was at this time that Lieutenant Coble was fatally wounded by a high explosive shell. The details together with certain fitting comments are well given in a letter from the commanding officer to his mother and are as follows:

Lieutenant Coble was seriously wounded along with 28 others, on the night of November 2, by high explosive shell fire. We had stopped in a little town which had that very evening been evacuated by the enemy, to secure a couple of hours rest before continuing the attack at daybreak. Only a few shells were dropped into the town during the night but this unfortunate one happened to get a direct hit on the tile roof of a barn we were in with the result mentioned. Most of those hit were officers and by a strange turn of fate all of our doctors save one, so the work of administering aid to the wounded was most difficult.

I called over to Lieutenant Coble as soon as the excitement had abated, to ask if he were all right, and he answered in the affirmative, and not until every case had been attended to did we learn that he had been hit. As I wrote you shortly afterwards, Mrs. Coble, it was the finest example of manliness and control I've ever seen, and I prayed many times that I might do as well should the opportunity occur.

We were shocked and grieved to hear of his death in a hospital several days later, not dreaming his wound was anywhere near so serious.

Your son, Mrs. Coble, was a brave and gallant soldier and a high type of gentleman, beloved by his men and fellow officers; and tho his grave is far removed from his family and many friends, I assure you I will think of him often as a true friend and comrade and may I not share with you in your great loss.

Most cordially and sincerely yours,

Signed: S. S. Douglas, Jr.

Formerly commanding
Company "B" 318th Infantry.

He was buried with full military honors in the American Cemetery at Mesves-sur-Loire, Department of Nevers, France.

Lieutenant Coble's Captain writes that he can truly say he did not have an enemy in the entire outfit and was loved and respected by all thru his devotion to duty, a policy of absolute fairness in dealing with his men and always setting a good example.

His whole life was lived in accordance with American ideals and true patriotism and he served his country with the intense purpose of giving the best that was his to give.

BATTLES

Artois Sector—St. Mihiel—Meuse Argonne
first and second phases.

NORMAN SLOCUM BLOODGOOD, '17

"Norman Slocum Bloodgood, of the class of 1917, electrician in the U. S. Navy, was washed overboard and drowned while his boat, the U. S. S. C. 190, was cruising near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, on June 26, 1918. The fleet of which his boat was a member was about to embark for overseas at the time of the submarine invasion of our southern coast, and Chaser 190, among others, was detailed to hunt down the invaders.

During a heavy storm raging for five days they were buffeted about until their fuel had become exhausted and it was a question whether they would make port. An English tramp, which happened to be nearby, was informed of their plight by wireless, and at once answered that she would try to float a line to the chaser if it could be made fast. Volunteers were called for to try to secure and make fast a six-foot line which was floated attached to a barrel from the port quarter. Bloodgood and another man by the name of Walton volunteered. They lashed themselves to the forecastle deck, making the line fast through the port chock, bringing it around the wireless tripod and capstan. Just as this line was secured, the tramp steamer hove ahead and, the heavy seas throwing "190" off into the trough of the sea, the heavy strain snapped the line, carrying away the wireless, tripod, capstan, life lines, and deck plate, and throwing the two men into the water. It was impossible, owing to the tempestuous seas, to assist them, and they were never seen again.

Norman Bloodgood was born in Jersey City, N. J., June 24, 1895, and attended the public schools of that city until he was ten years of age. At that time his family moved to Far Hills, N. J., where he completed his grammar school education and was graduated from the Gladstone High School. Later he moved to Asbury Park, graduating from the high school there in June, 1917, and enrolling at Rutgers College the following September. The call of the country was strong, however and he remained at college for only a short time.

Having a taste for mechanics, he enrolled in the Engineering Branch of the U. S. Navy on October 29, 1917, spending a short time of training at Bensonhurst, L. I., and later going to Pelham Bay. He was admitted shortly afterwards to the Columbia University Naval Engineering Corps, from which institution he graduated with a percentage of ninety-six, and was assigned to Submarine Chaser 190, at Alexandria, Virginia."

Rutgers Alumni Quarterly.

The following is an extract from a letter received from the executive officer of the ship:

"Navy Department long before this has informed you of the death of your son, Norman Bloodgood, at sea, on the afternoon of June 26, 1918. I desire to express to you my sentiments regarding one of the noblest boys who ever died for this country of ours.

I have a father and mother living and I realize what torture this uncertainty must bring to you. Bloodgood was the finest and squarest man on board the ship. He never failed to do his share of work and was always willing to do more. It is impossible for me to tell you the duty that the ship has been performing, but I can say that there are but as few ships which have been assigned duty of more vital importance to the country and to the ultimate winning of this war. Norman died as much a hero as the most famous soldier in France."

The following letter written by Norman shortly before his death was never completed.

"Dear Dad:

"I received your two letters the other day with the others and they sure did read well. You know I must say that it was

unexpected and peculiar to be under fire on this side of the pond. However, I was glad for one thing because I always wondered how I would act in just such an emergency. Strange to say it had a peculiarly saddening effect on me, causing me to wonder why God willed that men should die that way.

"We had met the convoy one evening after a day and a half of listening. We travelled Saturday evening and at 9:30 Sunday morning after all were well awake and on deck we saw one of the transports let go a shell and the rest of the transports in line changed course and let go in turn. The submarine submerged and let go a torpedo. The position of the convoy was a line of chasers running parallel on each side of the transports which travelled so as to complete the letter "H." Torpedo boats were leading with a battleship in the line. The torpedo boats fell aft where the sub was and let go depth bombs five at a crack. They got old Mr. Sub all right for oil and junk went up about 200 feet and oil came up about six inches deep. In the meantime a sub stuck his nose up between us and the transports and bing, the transports let fly and the shells hit just off our port bow. We kept on until about 3 P. M. and then met a convoy from New York. We turned back for Norfolk and listened on the way.

"As far as subs bothering us we are as safe as if we were in the middle of the state of Pennsylvania for we don't draw much water and any torpedo that they let go would go under us.

"I started this letter in a barber shop at a manicurist's table, added a bit at Ocean View and some more on the boat. I don't know where I will finish.—Called for watch. Finish later."

(Reported by Elizabeth Mearns, '19.)

The following letter was written to the editor and printed in the *Beacon* February, 1918.

Alexandria, Va., Jan. 23, 1918.

My dear Mr. Malick:

This note is from below the Mason-Dixon Line, or as some say, "The Sunny South." It may be, but from all appearances the people have great imagination. There has been a snow storm to greet us for the last three mornings.

The navy is my home for some time to come, and at present my home is this historic old town. To tell you the truth, it is the

best job I ever had, barring none. A slight review of the past few months will give you an idea of the benefits of the U. S. N. life.

I had had some experience at drill work before I joined the navy, so when I was called into service at Bensonhurst, Long Island and the body of recruits as a whole were asked how much training they had had, I filled out my slip and was given the job as drill master of a hundred and fifty men. This lasted for a month. Pelham Bay Station, N. Y., was our next stopping place. This is the best training camp in the world. It has wooden barracks, mess halls, and hospitals laid out in company form. The buildings are all steam heated, electric lighted, and well ventilated. The meals are excellent. Thanksgiving Day we had a meal which could not be bought in a restaurant for less than four dollars a plate. At Pelham, I went after a job as petty officer in a mess hall. Now you may laugh, but I had seventeen men to do the work, (steam dish dryers and electric washing machines) and rated a special table to eat, myself. The meals then consisted of whatever you wanted, from steaks up or down, and plenty of sugar. This job entitled me to extra liberty, every other night, and forty-eight hours every week-end. New York was handy, and so you can imagine I used it to the limit.

The U. S. S. Granite State, an old ark in the Hudson River, was our next hotel. We stayed here while we attended Columbia University.

This was some course. I never studied harder in my life, (not even in U. S. History class). The course was a special one on gasoline engine combustion theory and on standard motors. The object was to finish men for submarine chaser duty. My marks were good and I advanced to first assistant engineer. From Columbia University, I was shipped to Norfolk on the Old Dominion Line, a dandy trip and lots of fun. After reporting to the department at Norfolk, I was given subsistance for two days until the boat for Washington, D. C., left. This was also a fine trip, and having met some friend aboard, the evening passed in fine shape. The nice part of the outfit is that one always travels first class with the best of everything. Sort of has it on the army don't you think?

From Washington, I went to Alexandria, a distance of seven miles. At the shipyard, I found the S. C. 190 frozen tight and not likely to move for a couple of months.

While here, the government furnishes subsistance, so I board in a good old fashioned Southern boarding house. The boarders are of the various types, a doctor and his wife, an army captain from Boston, and an old Southern lady and her daughter, about twenty-seven (no more), and an old maid romantically inclined, and above all, the boarding lady who until late years was matron at a girls' seminary. She spouts a little Latin now and then, the Captain jollies the old maid, and the doctor relates historical events, local and national.

Enclosed are two post cards of Christ Church here. It is a picture inside. The old rector with his white hair completes the picture when he takes his place in the crow's nest pulpit. The spot is marked where Washington used to sit. Robert E. Lee's pew is just back in the center. Both have straight backs and are stiff.

The feeling between the North and South is still evident. A boy in the steamship company's office told me he admired three men, Buffalo Bill, Robert E. Lee, and Admiral Dewey. When I asked him, "Why Lee?" he replied, "Sir Grant was a Northener."

In Washington a free school of navigation is held. Since I have two months and nothing to do, I think I will attend.

My salary is now seventy-six dollars a month and the next advancement relieves me of sailor breeches and I will get a real uniform.

Roosevelt is expected in the Senate tomorrow, so me for there.

Very truly yours,
Norman Bloodgood.

CHAPTER X

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS OF STUDENTS AND ALUMNI IN THE SERVICE

In the following pages we have presented a number of individual records of students and alumni in the service. No attempt was made to secure such accounts from all who were in the service since such an undertaking is clearly beyond the scope of this work. The records printed are in the main those of students most recently in school, and hence were more available than some others. We believe, too, that these records which are given will in many respects serve as a type for others we have been unable to present.

William Brown, '20, O. H. M. S.

As the United States air service was not open to volunteers, William Brown ran away and joined the Royal Air Force in Canada, August 23, 1918.

During his early training at the flying school, Brown witnessed a sad accident which resulted in the death of one of his instructors. On his second visit to the flying field he was to be taken up on his first air trip by Lieutenant Baily. Just before making the flight Baily remarked that his motor did not sound right and that he was going to test it out. A few minutes later he was in the air while Brown stood watching the test. He flew to the end of the field and while making a loop, fell from the machine and was instantly killed. The machine flew by itself for over a half mile, and then crashed to the ground a total wreck.

In November, Brown was taken sick and was in the hospital for eight days. He was given a sick leave for a short period and on December 12, 1918 was discharged as an active member of His Majesty's service. He is at present writing, a reserve member of the Royal Air Force of England.

(Reported by James Conway, '20.)

George Jeffries, '20

George Jeffries enlisted in the U. S. Navy at New York City, April 2, 1918. After a preliminary training of one month at Newport he was sent to a hospital for an operation. Upon his recovery he was assigned to the ship U. S. North Carolina, as a gunner's mate, June 4, 1918.

On this ship Jeffries soon saw active service and had many interesting experiences. Soon after Jeffries went aboard, the North Carolina was ordered to New York and with three or four transports was sent across to France. Altogether, Jeffries made nine trips across, stopping on the second at Brest and on the fourth at Iso Island, off the coast of Spain.

Jeffries and his mates had the luck of seeing two German submarines, the one at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the other off the coast of France. In the latter case his ship fired six ten inch guns but failed to secure a hit.

During these nine voyages the influenza was at times very severe. On the fifth voyage, one of the ships in the convoy, the President Grant, suffered from a serious attack of the disease and lost about twenty-five men. These men were wrapped up in the American flag and buried at sea.

All kinds of amusements were provided for the men on board. On Labor Day, 1918, they had a regular program of events, consisting of such things as dancing, singing, boxing, etc. The last number of the program was a boxing match between Jeffries and McGouigg. It was fought to a six round draw. While on board the ship Jeffries played with the football team, playing end and halfback. He also made third base on the baseball team. The team would play every time it would land in harbor. On December 14, the ship landed in New York and about six days later Jeffries with about six hundred of his mates received their discharge papers.

(Reported by Ralph Shibla, '20.)

Albert Wood, '20

Letters from Albert Wood, who joined the navy, tell something about the life of a sailor. The following are parts from two of his letters home:

"Newport, R. I.

"We had something to learn when we joined the U. S. N., and that was sleeping in a hammock. I find one the most comfortable bed I have ever used. There is only one thing that troubles me, and that is getting into the hammock, as they are 'slung up' about six feet from the 'deck' (floor). The way I get in is to 'grab' the 'jack-stays' and vault in. I am getting used to it now.

"It is not a hard life at all, at least as far as I have gone. The only thing I cannot get used to is getting up at 5 A. M., and there is no chance to sleep over time as you are awakened by a squad of eight bugles, a bass drum, and two kettle drums. And if that don't wake you, you're hit on the head with a ten-inch night stick.

"The feature of the station is drill, drill, drill. Reveille (get up call) sounds at 5 A. M., then you have two hours drill before 'mess.' After 'mess' you take a cold shower. After shower, from 8 till 11, you drill. Then you have noon mess at 11.30. After that until 3 you drill. The rest of the P. M. is yours. Supper at 6; from then until 9 is your own time; then bed , and you're mighty glad to get there."

"U. S. S. Arizona, Box E,
"Care Postmaster, N. Y. C.

"While on the 'big pond,' we had a couple days of rough weather, but as I like the water, I made a good sailor, and did not get seasick. Quite a few of the men were down and out, and among them were two of my side-kickers, or companions, with whom I work. The chief got a couple of new men and gave me a 'steady watch.' I mean by 'watch' that after the new men came, I have to stand watch now, guard, I suppose you would call it. I stand four hours watch, then have eight off. The only watch in which I lose sleep is the midnight until 4 in the morning. I am getting used to that now, so that it does not bother me."

Beacon, November 1917.

Corporal Horace ("Cud") Brown, '19

Corporal Horace Brown, class '19, was a member of Old Co. H of Asbury Park. His military record in France is highly interesting and one of which his school can well be proud. Brown was in the St. Mihiel Drive and the Argonne Forest. His company was gassed twice. In the Argonne Forest all the commissioned officers were lost in the first days fighting and at the end of seven days fighting out of approximately two hundred who entered only thirty-seven answered roll call. It was at this point that Brown assisted in saving the life of Captain Williams who had met with a deadly wound. A more detailed account of these events is given below.

Corporal Brown enlisted at Asbury Park June 5, 1917. He was then a member of Old Co. H. This company was afterward combined with Co. B of Camden, N. J., to form Co. E, 114 Inf., 29 Div., containing about two hundred and fifty men.

Company E got its preliminary training at Anniston, Alabama, where it passed the winter of 1917—a winter well known for its severity even in the South. They were located amidst a strip of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Often the thermometer was below zero and amidst wind and sleet their tents were torn to shreds and sometimes blown into the air.

In May, 1918, they were transferred to Newport News, Va., where they received full equipment for over seas. The company sailed Friday, June 13—"an ominous date" says Brown, "if you are superstitious."

While just off the coast out from New York their convoy was attacked by two German submarines but both were sunk.

After about a two weeks trip they landed at St. Nazaire, France, whence shortly they were sent up to the front on the Alsace sector where they were stationed from July 23 to September 18, 1918.

Shortly after arriving in this part of the front Corporal Brown was sent to an intelligence school of snipers, scouts and observers, having qualified for the work of a sniper by his record as a sharp shooter at Camp McClellan in the States.

It was during this period of absence from his company that Corporal Brown accidently met his brother Frank in a little town

named Geromineal. Brown says of the meeting "we fell into each others arms and lived happy forever afterward."

In the latter part of July he returned to his company still in the trenches. They remained in the trenches for six or seven days at a stretch and then got a five days rest. This five days rest, however, was spent in drill and it was a toss up as to which was the worst, life in the trenches or drill at rest camp. At this point Brown took a fling at the sunny climate of France. He said rain in the trenches was horrible to remember.

In this sector on September 16, they were gassed in the trenches. On such occasions the men were supposed to be relieved immediately by fresh men, but their company was there from 4:30 A. M. to 10 P. M. without relief. About a dozen men died and the entire company was sent to the hospital.

After being released they were later sent to the Argonne by the Germans thru noise made by the men of the 1st Battalion which arrived October 12 at 3 A. M. On this day the Germans put over a box barrage of mustard gas and the men of Co. E were caught in a death trap. They had been in this fighting for seven days, and it was during this time that the company suffered the heavy losses in officers and men referred to in the first paragraph.

It was during this fight that Corporal Brown as one of four volunteers helped save the life of Captain Williams. The captain had received a deadly wound. All the men had been gassed and were vomiting profusely. While it meant passing thru a terrible barrage these men carried Captain Williams to a first aid station in time to save his fast ebbing life.

As a result of this gassing of October 12, Brown was laid up in the hospital for two months.

Sometime after the armistice was signed, he was returned to the States and honorably discharged from Camp Dix, N. J.

Francis M. Porch, '19

Francis M. Porch whose letters to the *Beacon* are printed below was in camp at Anniston, Alabama, previous to his service abroad. He sailed from New York June 28, 1918, with the 112 H. F. A. on the ship Melita which was one of thirteen ships in the convoy. The ships experienced no trouble from submarines.

Passing thru England they crossed the channel on the night of July 13 and landed at Le Havre. Shortly after this the battalion went into billets near Poitiers where they remained for several weeks.

About this time Porch was one of a detail sent to Fort Neuf-Vincennes near Paris to buy and ship horses to the front. His visit to Paris at this time is described in his letter of September 15, printed below.

Subsequent to this he was sent to Chateau Thierry with a consignment of horses where as he says he saw "a little of the real thing for a few days." Reference to this detail also is made in this same letter.

On his return from Chateau Thierry he was sent to the Army School of Gas Warfare at Langres and then to the School of Fire in Brittany. At this latter place he rejoined his battalion and was located here from September 1 to the morning of November 11, 1918.

It was during his stay in Brittany that this letter was written, and it was at this time they were expecting soon to be sent to the front and were "chafing under the delay."

After the signing of the armistice, Corporal Porch says, "a couple of my friends and myself decided to tour a little on our own, so we took French leave, boarded the first freight north bound and worked up to St. Mihiel, gave the city and its fortifications the 'once over' and proceeded on back into the hills. After we had satisfied our curiosity, we started homeward. Upon reaching my battery a day or so later I was once more welcomed into the fold, but I was again most fortunate for the guard house doors did not open to greet me."

In December they were sent to Raincourt where they remained for over four months "drilling, road building and general 'Sweet Peaing' (purely an army term not found in the dictionary.)"

In May they embarked from St. Nazaire and shortly landed in this country at Newport News, Va. Concerning his arrival he says that our own country never looked so good to us before. The following kept repeating in my mind:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land."

Corporal Porch was honorably discharged from Camp Dix June 4, 1919.

(The above summary was taken from a letter of Francis M. Porch).

The following letters from Porch were printed in the *Beacon*, December, 1918.

Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., Jan. 6, 1918.

This battery of heavy artillery that I am with is one of the crack batteries of the regiment, and yet General Morton, who has just returned from the battlefields of France, says we lack discipline. Do you know what that word means? It means this—If a commander was told to march his men one thousand yards nearer the enemy, and he took them two thousand, because he knew his men were brave, in all likelihood every man would be killed by the shells from their own artillery, and all on account of the absence of discipline in their commander. Discipline is the obeying to the letter what you are called upon to do, and not doing one thing more. I am all alone here in my tent this afternoon and it is raining hard, and I have a good fire going to keep warm by, so I do not mind how cold it gets outside. We had a lot of snow here last week but that is all gone now and spring will soon be here.

I received a promotion to gun corporal of a six-inch piece in the Third Section. I was only a caisson corporal before, and I hope that soon I may be changed to a sergeant. Now I hope the studying I have done will give me first-class gunner. Then I won't be able to go much further along that line and I can then start in on the horses. Our school hours were from eight to ten and from one to four, with three hours study at night. We covered a 280-page text book in five days and had a fifty-two question examination on it. You see they ask us a few more questions at these schools than they did in high school.

When we started in two weeks ago we had to study the different duties of a private, corporal, platoon guide and leader, and captain; how to draw and read maps, how to handle men under fire, target designation, using the vertical and horizontal clock system, also range estimating and computing. We have 120 horses to take care of besides two six-inch guns, four caissons,

and our harness and equipment. It keeps us busy from morning till mess at night.

I start in bayonet school next week and that is two more weeks of hard work, but it is work of the most interesting kind.

France, Sept. 15, 1918.

Dear Folks:

Here we are, not far from the firing line, and by the time this reaches you, we will have received our first "baptism of fire" for which we have been working such a long, long time, and of course we are quite anxious to get into it and are chafing under the delay. I am a little luckier than the rest though, for I was on a detail a month or so ago which took me right up to the lines, so I have seen a little of it. While the rest have been diligently plugging away and doing their bit, I have been touring France in first class compartments which I think are more comfortable than our Pullman cars in dear old U. S. Among the cities I have been in is first of all, Paris. The beauty of that city has to be seen. The last time I was there I visited Napoleon's Tomb and Eiffel Tower; Museum de Louvre was closed so I did not get in. I went to Notre Dame of course, and I am not going to attempt to describe the beauty and grandeur of that magnificent cathedral, for it would take one with a deep sense of feeling and with an ability to write his feelings to give the place its just dues as far as writing about it goes. We were there when the chimes were played, and they must be made of silver from the way they sounded. I happened to be in Paris at the time of its last bombardment which was in July.

I started this letter last night a few minutes before "Taps" and Percy Couse was here beside me writing home. He is in the next battery to mine, and we manage to get together nearly every night, so we don't get lonely, in the least. Then there are Miller, Chamberlain, and Sergeant Smith. We often talk of the old days at the A. P. H. S., and I might even say that sometimes we get a little homesick and wish we were going to be with you again when this war is over. And our thoughts are with you as you start in the new year, and we are all wishing you the best of luck.

You may wonder how we are living over here, and what our quarters look like. Well, I have two ammunition boxes, nice soft ones you know, made out of pine boards, the softest kind to be found unless the boards are of hard pine—for my bed. I have a head-sack filled with hay over them, then my three blankets. For a table I have a Heinz bean box; and on the desk is my library, consisting of one dictionary, three drill regulations, my testament, and my diary, and a French dictionary, too. Over my desk hangs my barrack bag, and beside that hangs my 45 caliber colt pistol, then my gas mask (which is some infernal machine to make you as uncomfortable as possible while wearing it). I am the gas commissioned officer now, and I hear some very strange excuses from men I catch with their masks not properly adjusted when they should be wearing them. Well, there goes the bugle and I shall have to stop. Please tell any of the girls you care to that we don't get as many letters over here as we want to, and that we are delighted to hear of things going on around home. I will answer all I get. Give my best regards to Mr. Huff, Mr. Hemphill, Miss Galvin, Miss Nafe, Miss Kauffmann, Miss Parkhill, Miss Voorhees, and all the rest we know. I am,

Sincerely yours,
Francis M. Porch, '18.

Corp. Francis M. Porch,
Battery E, 112th H. F. A.,
American Expeditionary Forces.

Percy Osborn Potter, '19

About one month after our entrance into the war Percy Osborn Potter, then a Junior in the high school, enlisted in Old Co. H at Asbury Park. On July 25, this company was mobilized for training at Camp Edge, Sea Girt, N. J., and on October 11 federalized and organized as Company E, 114 Infantry at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama.

At this camp they spent the winter and had their preliminary training. In the next June they were transferred to Newport News and from here sailed for France June 13, '18.

Landing at St. Nazaire, they took a thirty-one mile hike with baggage amounting to one hundred ten pounds exclusive of helmet, rifle and gas mask.

From July 25 to September 18, they were put in defence at Honte, Alsace. Here they were gassed September 16. Thirteen men died as a result of this gassing and the rest of the company were sent to the hospital.

During October the company was engaged in five battles as follows: Malbronch Hill October 7-11; Bois de Ormont, October 13; Mellor Valle Farm, October 16; Grand Montonge, October 26; and Bois Bellan, October 28-29.

It was during this latter engagement that Potter, with four other men, was sent out as a relief party. Upon leaving the lines they were spied by a German plane which scooped down on them, opening rapid fire. Potter, with one other escaped and crept back into the trenches, but no one ever knew what happened to the other three.

Shortly after this, in a letter to his mother Percy wrote: "Relieved from the lines October 31; I took my first wash and shave in seventeen days."

April 23, '19, Co. E left France and was demobilized May 16, at Camp Dix, N. J.

(Reported by Mabel Darling, '20.)

Twyford Whyte, '19

Twyford Whyte, '19, spent almost two years in the service and at the time of the signing of the armistice was located at Metz in preparation for the drive of the 14th.

"Twyt" enlisted in the 1st N. J. Field artillery at Sea Girt, N. J., September 10, 1917. Shortly afterward his regiment was transferred to Camp McClellan and became Battery H, of the 112th Field Artillery. After an intensive training of about ten months at Camp McClellan, the boys were glad when orders came for foreign service. Leaving Hoboken, N. J., June 28, 1918, and going by way of England, they landed in France July 12. Their ship was one of the thirteen transports protected by two American battle ships and eleven torpedo boat chasers. The trip was made in safety and with the loss of one man killed accidently.

From the landing place at Havre they went into billets at Portiers for six weeks. While here they were equipped with fresh horses and new French 155's—a type of gun slightly larger than the American 6's used at Camp McClellan.

From Poitiers they went to Camp Meucom near Vannes. This was an American type of camp with barracks, Y. M. C. A. Huts, etc. Here they were given two more months of intensive training in hiking, bayonet drill, gas masks and field artillery. Before leaving they were given motor tractors for their guns and had the distinction of being the first fully motorized regiment of heavy field artillery in France.

"Twyt's" account of army rations is interesting. For breakfast they had prunes, cooked corn meal and black coffee. The noon day meal received the dignified title of "Army Slum"—a stew of meat cut up with a few potatoes. In addition there were potatoes boiled with the jackets on, bread and black coffee. In the evening they had corn willy, beans, stewed apples and bread. Corn willy is another name for corned beef—it was sometimes made into hash.

After the signing of the armistice, the regiment remained in France for about six months. Sailing on the Orizaba they landed at Newport News, Va., May 19, and were discharged from Camp Dix, June 5, 1919.

William Becker, '18

William Becker enlisted April 21, 1917 in the N. Y. National Guard. July 16, he was mustered into service and transferred to the 27th Division.

After some service in this country his regiment was fitted for over seas and sailed on the Great Northern July 1, '18. On board there were 4000 troops of which 700 were negro soldiers. They reached Brest, France July 22, '18.

By October 1, the regiment had reached Feneau and was prepared to leave for Metz, but as in many other cases the boys were doomed to disappointment. In a letter written Christmas night from his barracks in the attic of a little French house to his mother, the young soldier laments his fate of not being in active battle and attributes it to a round of circumstances, the last of which was an epidemic of influenza. The command, including the 71st and the 64th, were to have found their target projectiles October 25 and then go to Metz, but "flu" prevented. Again on November 2 the company was to proceed to the front, but there was a general mixup and the 8-inch guns were not ready

for firing until November 6 when the command was given to stop. The armistice was signed November 11 and that put an end to the hopes of the boys of seeing the front.

February 12, the regiment was inspected by General Pershing at St. Nazaire and he judged them to be the best artillery regiment in the American Expeditionary Forces in France. February 13 the regiment embarked on the Manchuria for the United States. At sea they lost eight men because of influenza. Although not in actual battle the regiment lost sixty-five men through disease or accident. The Manchuria reached Hoboken February 22. Becker was discharged March 8, 1919.

(Reported by Samuel Becker, '20.)

Sergeant Clarence Burrell, '18

Sergeant Clarence Burrell enlisted at Philadelphia, August 5, 1918, as a member of the 813 Pioneer Infantry of Penna. His early training was secured at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, where he was appointed as a sergeant acting in the capacity of a company clerk.

Leaving Hoboken September 15, his company reached France eleven days later and by October 7 was under shell fire. On November 9 they were sent to the front and were engaged in the Meuse-Argonne offensive until the 11th.

Before this last engagement Sergeant Burrell had a very thrilling experience. On November 5, '18, he was selected to accompany the commanding officer and lieutenant on a tour to the front about thirty-five kilometers from the Metz line.

Leaving their dugouts about 8 o'clock in the morning, they crossed "No Man's Land" and before they knew it were in the midst of bursting shells from planes over head and a barrage which was set ahead of them. Quickly they jumped out of their car and ran to the nearest dugout about fifty yards away where they secured safety.

April 7, '19, Burrell left the 813 Infantry to become a Hut Secretary of the A. E. F., Y. M. C. A. in France. He remained in this service until he was honorably discharged. He arrived home August 23, '19, on the French steamer which conveyed the Y. M. C. A. officers and secretaries.

(Reported by McQuillan Walker, '20.)

Nathaniel Burrell, '18

Nathaniel Burrell, former student and football player of the high school, who is now stationed at Camp Mead, writes in a letter dated October 27:

"After getting off the trains, we marched in order of the districts we left in Philadelphia, in mud and clay to the heart of the camp. The quarters are houses of two stories, accommodating about two hundred men each. They have ten large rooms for sleeping bunks, a large mess room, a kitchen, and an office.

"In front of the quarters the men were run off in two long columns, and then were questioned and searched, both baggage and clothing. After that, bunks were assigned to them.

Each man has an iron cot, two blankets and a quilt. We had to take nice white ticking and fill it with straw for our mattresses. After this it was supper time, and take it from me, I was the second in line, ahead of 250 or more men. So you know that I had my hand on the throttle (kitchen door), and my eyes on the rails (eats)."

The next installment of the letter, written October 29, says: "Gee, I am just bubbling over with news of recent events. I bet no one can guess what I have to do. I have been selected temporary stenographer to the captain of this company and I was at the typewriter from 7 till 10 last night. I hope the Lord will guide my fingers and keep me from making mistakes. Out of the 250 men I seem to be the only available stenographer.

Beacon, November, 1917.

Adrian Phillips, '18

Adrian Phillips enlisted in the Marines September 23, 1918. We was sent to Paris Island for preliminary training and while there says he did nothing but drill eight hours a day and draw his thirty per month.

From Paris Island he went to Philadelphia where he joined the Military Police in March, 1919.

From Philadelphia he was sent to Caldwell, N. J., in May, where his work was to help build the rifle range. While at this place, Adrian says his chief duty was to push one cart of sand about the length of a block every six hours.

He was mustered out of the service August 27, 1919.

(Reported by Ralph Shibla, '20.)

Corporal Elizabeth M. Shoemaker, '18

Corporal Elizabeth M. Shoemaker, class 1918 and later of Pratt Institute, was one of our girls who answered the call of the country and achieved excellent success in her line of work.

When the government was badly in need of women workers in the various departments in Washington at the outbreak of the war, Miss Shoemaker was ranked as the eighth highest average holder in an examination passed by 1,000 girls. She immediately took up her duties in the Marine Corps and after the majority of her co-workers had left the service, was retained to complete work that she alone was competent to finish. Her resignation from that department was delayed until March 1, 1920.

Upon leaving this work she entered the publicity department of the New York Y. W. C. A. where she distinguished herself as a scenario writer in the production of the screen picture known as "No Address."

B. Frank Brown, '17

The following is a copy of a letter written to "Hap" Brown by the editor. It gives some view of the school life and general situation here shortly before the signing of the armistice.

Asbury Park, N. J.,
Nov. 3, 1918.

Dear Hap:

It sure was a pleasure to get your fine letter. What a glory to be in the St. Mihiel Drive. It was one of those American achievements which has added a new lustre to "Old Glory"—a gleam which shall not dim for a thousand years. It may be mud and rain now but in the future these hardships will take on a different hue and it will be a pleasure to recall them.

We were hit hard with the "flu." School was closed a month. —Things have been going all O. K. otherwise. It is true that nearly all our bigger boys have gone either to war or work. It has made school seem rather quiet and certainly has robbed our athletic teams.

But everything is so changed since the war that you take it as a matter of course. You have one consolation during your absence from dear old U. S. A. and that is that at present our

life is a very tame, uneventful one whose chief interest is reading the deeds of our boys "over there."

But that is thrilling. I remember three days ago I came thru Philadelphia, and over there at Broad Street station, the newspapers had large black head-lines and the "Newsies" were calling "Uxtruh!" "Uxtruh!" "Turkey Surrenders!"—and then I felt something creeping around the roots of my scalp and it wasn't a cootie either.

Well, we're holding the home front and when the boys come home, we'll be able to do something more to make democracy still more democratic.

I'm enclosing some college scores. So far we have had but little football. There was one inter-class game in which the Juniors beat the Seniors 7-6. But football will not take on its old time color until the war is over.

It's my feeling that the fighting will cease before Christmas. I'm in this latest draft but have but little worry.

I put your address on the bulletin board at school, so you may get some missives from dear old A. P. H. S.

Had a letter from Dr. Rowland at Base Hospital 44. He had the flu.

With best wishes and lots of luck to you and all the boys,

Yours as ever,

Fred E. Malick.

Lieutenant L. T. Drew, '17

The following account, written by Lieutenant Drew, gives an excellent description of the training at Plattsburg Barracks. In the Diary Notes appended one gets a further intimate view into some additional phases of the soldier boy's life.

"Left Asbury Park on July 14, 1918, in company with Walter Woolly, '15 for Plattsburg Barracks, Plattsburg, New York. Was sworn into service on July 16, 1919, along with forty-five hundred other college men.

Plattsburg Barracks is situated on the shore of Lake Champlain about five miles from the town of Plattsburg. A small trolley line—very similar to the belt line—connects the camp with Plattsburg. The town of Plattsburg is a small quiet town of

about three or four thousand inhabitants. It boasts of one dance hall and two moving picture houses.

The camp itself is very well laid out and most adequately equipped for a training camp. The barracks are about two hundred feet long and forty feet wide. The bunks are of wood and are all double deckers. Each barrack will accommodate approximately two hundred men.

A large stadium is situated in the middle of a large pine grove, a short distance from the camp and in this place, pictures are shown along with special pictures showing different phases of military life.

The first week of camp was spent in getting equipped and learning the manual of arms. After that we settled down to real work—the school of the soldier, the school of the squad and the school of the company. This work is very monotonous as it is the same thing over from morning until night. The main object of this close order drill is to create discipline and to get men into a body or organization that can be moved from place to place expediently.

The beginning of the third week we started in the bayonet work. This is very interesting but also very hard. We first had to build several bayonet courses. This work was done by details picked from each company in the camp, I believe my name was the only one the top knew, as I never missed a detail. The course was in charge of an English captain who had been through the battle of the Marne and the Gallipolli campaign. The course was very hard and in some cases a little dangerous. Several men were injured in the course of the camp.

The beginning of the fifth week we took up open order work and over-seas formations. This work was very hard and took a great deal of studying and practicing to be done properly. It is all done at double time and as the mercury was at about 100 degrees most of the time it was really a wonderful recreation.

The seventh week we spent on the range. There is nothing really exciting about this work but one very odd incident happened in one of the companies—at least it is related on the range. A company was drawn up after having been on the line. The top gave the order for inspection of arms. One of the men on

closing his piece and pulling the trigger, shot a hole through the brim of the hat of the man next to him.

The last three days of camp were spent on a hike and field maneuver. The last day we were in skirmish formation the entire time and that was the hardest part of my army career.

On September 16, 1918, I was commissioned as Second Lieutenant of Infantry and ordered to the College of the City of New York as an Instructor of Military Tactics.

There were at the college at this time about 3,000 men in addition to some U. S. Regulars of the Signal Corps. Here I reported for duty on September 25 and was in charge of a company of two hundred and thirty of the greenest men ever made. There were only about four men over the rank of Second Lieutenant on the post so it was up to us to take charge of the companies.

After picking out the men I thought suitable for N. C. O. positions, I ran a school in the evenings from eight until ten and soon had a few men to help in the organization of the company. The company was drilled eight hours a day for three weeks and soon was in fairly good shape. Besides having charge of the company every officer had other duties. I was assistant bayonet instructor, military hygiene lecturer and assistant supply officer, at various times.

The same order of work was kept up until December 18, when the company was disbanded. A fare-well dance was given on December 17 and the company presented me with an automatic revolver as a keep-sake. I often thought that they hoped I would shoot myself with it, but so far I have been fortunate enough to fool them.

From December 18 to January 17 I acted as assistant supply officer and on January 18 was honorably discharged from the United States army."

Dairy Notes

PLATTSBURG

"August 25 (or about) on guard. Had a nice long post in the railroad by the post store houses. Weather hotter than hell itself.

Rained during the night—wet either from rain or sweat—didn't give a damn either way.

Sept. 5 (or about) had a dinner at the Hotel Champlain of all Alplo Chi Rho men. Had a deuce of a time getting a pass but finally got out. Had one fine time—good eats and great fellowship.

Sept. 12 (or about) Company dinner given in same trick hotel in Plattsburg. Had a devil of a good time. Whole company allowed out until twelve o'clock. Had to walk back to Plattsburg Barracks and was late—but got by the guard all right—C Company man. He was tired as thunder and so were we.

Sept. 10 (or about). Big maneuver given out in the trenches for the benefit of the college presidents who looked on about a half mile away. Had about 10 machine guns going—used a slew of good hard grenades up—shot away a lot of good blanks, made bayonet attack after bayonet attack. Carried up supplies and dug new trenches like a regular sand hog. The affair lasted about eight hours and I don't believe I was allowed to stop running once the whole damn time. Slept in the trenches that night and got back to camp about noon the next day.

NEW YORK

Thanksgiving Day (Commander of the Guard) had dinner with a very nice family in 123rd Street. (Cannot think of name). Lieutenant Coulemb relieved me for two hours enabling me to take advantage of this chance at a real feed. Also had a turkey dinner at the post which was not a mean affair at all.

Review held on November 5 or about, commented upon very favorably in the New York papers. Pictures of the review in the pictorial section of the *New York Times*. Witnessed by several thousand. Company F given second place in drill competitions and also in manual of arms competition.

November 7 (or about) Inspected by Rear Admiral Roth—U. S. A., designer and builder of Great Lakes Naval Station. Admiral commented favorably upon condition of the Naval section. Fine man—very congenial and yet very military."

L. T. Drew, '17.

(Reported by James Conway, '20.)

Russell Van Kirk, '17

Russell Van Kirk enlisted with the Red Bank Cavalry, Troop B in March, 1917. After five months training at Sea Girt and Anniston, Alabama, he was transferred to the officers reserve corps of the aviation section and sent to Princeton to take a ground school course in aero-dynamics and theory of flight. He completed the course in eight weeks and was sent to Called Field, Wichita Falls, Texas, for training as a pilot.

It was while in training at this place he experienced his first narrow escape. While five hundred feet in the air, his machine caught fire. He landed in a back yard, and jumping from his machine, made his escape with no more serious injury than a sprained ankle.

Soon after this escape, he completed the course. He was then made a second lieutenant, and sent to Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, for an instructors course. This course was completed in two months.

He was then sent to Mathers Field, Sacramento, California, as an instructor. Here he had his most thrilling adventure as an aviator.

He was instructing a student one day, and while two thousand, five hundred feet in the air, signaled the student to nose-dive. The student did so, but when they were nearing the ground, the machine had not yet straightened out. Lieutenant Van Kirk turned around to see what was wrong. He saw the student pale as death, with his hands on the controls, unable to move an inch. Lieutenant Van Kirk pushed the student backwards, so as to get him away from the controls, and straightened out the machine five feet from the ground.

After one month there he received overseas orders and proceeded to Hoboken whence he sailed September 17. Landed in Liverpool, England, after a twelve day trip with a fifteen ship convoy. During the voyage and while in the danger zone five men were washed overboard by a gigantic wave. Four of the men were picked up but the fifth, disobeying orders by not wearing a life belt, was lost.

After spending one week in England he crossed the English Channel sailing at night in a cattle boat. The boat landed at

Le Havre at four o'clock in the morning after a rough and exciting trip.

After spending several days in a rest camp at Le Havre, he proceeded to St. Marient which was the aviation concentration center of the A. E. F. in France. From this place he went to Issudan, the largest aviation center in the world. Here he received instructions in the French scout planes, which were single seaters and had the speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

After five months of training, he received orders for the front. Three days before proceeding to the front, the armistice was signed. He was granted a ten day leave which he spent in travelling. Went to Marseilles, Lyons, Nice, Monte Carlo, Island of Morroco and the Italian border. Was fortunate to be in Paris when President Wilson entered.

Sailed from Brest, January 17 on the first transport to come home. Landed at Boston and was royally received. Mustered out and given an honorable discharge at Miniola, February 30, 1919.

(Reported by Darius Pierce, '19.)

Samuel Guerin, '15

Samuel Guerin, class of 1915, was a Junior at Princeton University, when the United States entered the World War of 1914. He enlisted in November 1917, and was called to active service on January 5, 1918.

In November 1917, Guerin successfully passed his entrance examinations for the aviation section of the service, and was assigned to the balloon division.

After enlistment, he was sent to the Collegiate Balloon School at Macon, Georgia. Here, he was placed as a cadet, and made seven free balloon flights. The last of these flights, a solo one, was, perhaps, his most exciting one at Macon. He went up 4,000 feet, and stayed at this elevation during a period of sixty minutes. Reference to this flight is made in his letter of January 26.

After finishing the prescribed course at the school in Macon, Guerin was sent to Omaha, Nebraska, for a short time. He was then transferred to the University of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio, to take up a more detailed balloon course. After six weeks of studying, he was sent back to Omaha again.

In July 1918, he was sent to Arcadia, California, in order to complete his flying course. Contrary to his practise flights in Macon, Guerin now used captive balloons, and spent his time learning to make successful maps. He was required to be accurate in details, and also to be able to see at a distance of fifteen miles, with his glasses.

It was at Arcadia that Samuel Guerin received his commission as a Second Lieutenant of the Balloon Corps, September 1918.

Early in November, he was ordered to Camp John Wise, San Antonio, Texas, for immediate over-seas service. But the most disappointing thing of Guerin's experience, was the fact that the very day he left Arcadia for San Antonio, was the day on which the armistice was signed with the German government.

Since November 11, he has been in charge of the demobilization of Camp John Wise, and is now at Brook's Field, Texas, where with the 78th Company of the Balloon Corps, he is waiting for his discharge.

The following extracts are from letters written to his mother:

Macon, Ga., Jan. 13, 1918.

* * * Ballooning is certainly class. I wish you could take a ride in one. You feel like some bird floating around gracefully in the sky; most of the time we fly higher than birds. I could just about see the men on the ground; all you could see were the white faces looking up at us. It makes you feel pretty important. My first flight on Wednesday was wonderful. * * *We were up just an hour and landed about thirty miles off, on the outskirts of a fair sized town. As soon as we landed, a bunch of people began to gather. The Chief pilot left me as soon as we landed to go off to phone for a truck. He told me to pack the balloon and to hire a few men if I needed them to help me. You can imagine how I felt, left alone with the big balloon lying all over the ground and about two hundred people standing around looking on. * * * I never answered so many questions in my life. A couple of reporters took down the stuff I said. It sure made me feel queer. * * * The next day, the American 11 flew. This is the biggest balloon in the school. We had a great trip. Landed in a cotton field. * * *

Augusta, Ga., January 26.

* * * Just arrived here after a wonderful four-hour flight from Macon. We landed about thirty miles north of here, but we landed on the plantation of some Southern gent; and after feeding us up wonderfully with a good breakfast and showing us around a while, he brought us in town in his car. He also brought the balloon in a truck for us. Now we have to wait till 6 for a train to Macon. This trip this morning was the best I've had—the "night" flight. We started at 3:43 A. M., of course in the dark. There was a pretty good moon at first, but that set. You can't imagine how wonderful it was in the air, and to see the sun rise was great. There was a strong wind above ground so that's why we went so far. We landed as gently as a fly. Our drag rope caught in some telephone wires, though, and pulled down a couple of poles and broke the system on the way down, so we couldn't telephone to Macon till we reached here. * * * To-day I had to keep all the notes of the trip. You make observations every five minutes or so. * * *

February 3, 1918.

* * *This morning I was on some shop ballooning repairing detail,—on duty from 10-12:30. The people here are beginning to treat us great. The Masons have thrown their building open to us and say we are welcome there anytime. * * *I'm beginning to think more and more that there is nothing safer than ballooning. You can't imagine how wonderful it is sailing alone at about thirty or forty miles an hour at a fixed altitude. This is regulated by two controls, the gas valve and ballast for descending and ascending. * * * Did you hear about the four fellows landing in the swamp yesterday? They say it's in all the Northern papers that the fellows were lost, and they make it sound as if they were killed or something. * * *The four of them came down on an island in the middle of a swamp and were marooned for a couple of days. One of these fellows had to swim a river to get word to the school about their whereabouts. The fellows had a fine time, though; stayed in a shanty, deserted, and killed a wild pig and an oppossum to live on. They sent flat boats after them and brought them off all right. * * *

February 7, 1918.

* * * Well, I am a fullfledged balloon pilot and a graduate of the school. I have to wait till fortyfour fellows get put through seven flights each, and we go to Omaha for the last training before we get our commissions. This means a six weeks course at Omaha of the hardest kind of work—four weeks of work, one week of review, and a week of examinations, and then the commissions and a ten day furlough. * * * Remember me to the faculty of A. P. H. S. * * *

Samuel Guerin.

Arthur Ladow, '15

The following accounts from Arthur Ladow appeared in the *Beacon,* February 1918.

Arthur Ladow, '15, reports exciting times at Fort Slocum at meal times: 5,000 men lined up in two lines, double file, kits slung over their shoulder, go up to the kitchen to receive their portion, then go into the dining-room to eat. It is quite a change from china and silver to the tin plate and cup, and the steel knife, but most take it in good part. It takes from one to three hours to serve a meal.

Arthur was one of six men in charge of 500 Signal Corps men who were taken to Texas, his special charge being two car loads of men. At New Rochelle, the Red Cross treated them to fruit and sandwiches. From there, the journey was by way of Niagara Falls and Canada, down beyond Chicago. At St. Quentin, the people waved American flags in their honor, instead of the English flag. For three days and nights, the trip was in day coaches, but later, sleepers were added. At one place six little girls dressed as Red Cross nurses, handed each soldier a paper napkin containing an orange and candy. The soldiers reached Fort Kelly near San Antonio on Christmas Eve. Here they were greeted by the citizens who had prepared an elaborate supper for them. Arthur and the five other men remained in Texas two nights, returning by way of New Orleans, and reaching Fort Slocum on New Year's Eve.

Fort Slocum, N. Y., February 3, 1918.

* * * I've just come up from the basement where I have been doing my weekly wash. I forgot to send it to the laundry last week, so I had to do it myself. I can't say that I'm very much stuck on the job. I expect Sam (Guerin) has made his acquaintance with the wash board by this time. He is very fortunate if he hasn't. I think by the time this war is over I'll be a pastmaster in all kinds of housework. I'm already an expert at washing windows and dishes, waiting on table, sweeping and polishing floors, and making beds. So you see, I have a pretty good start already. But I should worry, for it's all in the game.

To-morrow I'm slated to go on guard. It isn't a very bright prospect, for we have been having a snow storm all day. And now it is raining, snowing, hailing, and a little of everythnig else. This is the greatest place for bad weather. Every time it looks a little cloudy, we have a snow storm. When the thermometer gets as high as ten or fifteen above, we think it is warm. * * *

Joseph Couse, '13

Joseph Couse enlisted at New York City June 6, 1917. Becoming a member of the Seventh Regiment he left Newport News May 10, 1918, and exactly two weeks later arrived in France.

Here his regiment was stationed on the Cambrai sector and was in a number of engagements. It was in one of these battles on September 29, 1918 that Couse was struck and escaped death in a miraculous way. On that morning at 5:30 the division went over the top and sometime between then and 7:30 A. M. he was struck by a bullet in the forehead over the left eye. The shot came with such a force that it went through his helmet and clamped it over both eyes. A nearby corporal whom Couse had known in the States rendered first aid. Although badly wounded, he was able to walk some distance to a dressing station where his wound was dressed and he received food, the first in forty-two and one half hours.

His wound proved to be one of a serious nature and he received treatment for the same in many hospitals. From Hospital

73, Tronville, France, he was sent to Hospital 29 London, November 9.

In December he sailed for this country on the Leviathan and arrived in New York December 16, 1918. Here he was sent to Debarkation Hospital 3 in that city. Thence he was transferred to the Camp Dix Base Hospital, then to Cape May Hospital, and later to Fox Hills, Staten Island. Mr. Couse has been operated upon five times for the wound, and was discharged September 27, 1919.

(Reported by Helen Carleton, '20.)

Lieutenant Wilson Hunt, '13

Dr. Wilson Hunt, '13, a first lieutenant in the Dental Corps of the United States army, sailed for France last summer and is now in the front line trenches in the French sector taken over by the American forces. It was the regiment with which Lieutenant Hunt is connected that bore the brunt of the first fighting between the Boches and the American forces in which the latter suffered a number of casualties.

When he first landed in France, Lieutenant Hunt was billeted in a small village seventy miles from the battle line. Later he was advanced to within a few miles of the trench system taken over by the Americans, being located at a point where operations along the firing line were clearly discernable. German aeroplanes flew over the village daily, but few bombs were dropped, as the French planes kept the Fokhers at high altitudes.

He has been comfortably located at all times, he says, and has gained twenty pounds in weight.

Beacon, February 1918.

Lieutenant Donald Sterner, '13

Lieutenant Donald Sterner entered the Officers Training Camp at Fort Niagara, N. Y., May 11, 1917, and on the completion of his training August 15 was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant. From Fort Niagara he was sent to Camp Meade, then to Camp Hill, Va., where he was commissioned as a first lieutenant February 27, 1918.

Sailing from Newport News June 5 he landed at Brest twelve days later and soon after his arrival joined the division at St.

Nazaire. From the position of Divisional Salvage officer of this division, Lieutenant Sterner was promoted first to the position of Assistant Salvage officer of the First Army October 5, 1918 and on February 27, 1919 was made Chief Salvage officer of the First Army.

The different drives in which he participated were, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. He was also with the French at Champagne.

Sterner left France May 5, went around by way of Gibraltar, landed in U. S. May 19, and received his discharge May 21, 1919.

(Reported by Esther Miller, '20.)

Edith M. Cornell, '12

Miss Edith Cornell enlisted with the Hospital Recreation Hut Service of the American Red Cross on August 1, 1918. She was notified of her appointment on November 8, and sailed for Italy on November 20. Arriving in Paris on December 10, she was assigned to work in the Red Cross Hut at Base Hospital 41, in Paris.

On the day before Christmas, Miss Cornell was sent to Dijon, a beautiful city, 200 miles south of Paris. Here, her work was with Base Hospital 17. She had charge of distribution of reading matter for 3,000 patients as well as the management of the library in the Hut. She helped also in the canteen. In addition to this, she ran a "mending bureau"—the mending consisting largely of sewing on service and wound stripes and divisional insignia.

From Dijon Miss Cornell was transferred to Langres April 15. Here her work was quite similar to that mentioned above.

Upon the completion of this work at Langres she went on leave June 1 and visited Sevit Gerland and southern France. She came home by way of England, landing in Boston July 16, 1919.

(Reported by Alice B. Alden, '20.)

David Brodstein, '09

The following interesting letters from David Brodstein appeared in the *Beacon,* February 1918.

Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces,
Office of Chief Quartermaster, France.
December 5, 1917.

I suppose you would be interested to know of the life of the men stationed at Pershing's Headquarters in France.

It is more than two months since I arrived here from Paris where the quartermaster men were stationed for five days awaiting assignment. We were quartered in Paris at a hotel which is one of the three leading hotels being used by the United States government in Paris.

We are at present stationed in French barracks which were occupied by the French army prior to the time the American headquarters were established here. They are a great deal more comfortable than the quarters I expected when I left the States. With the exception of a few iron French cots, they were entirely furnished by our government. All the offices and barracks are heated by stoves burning coal and wood and an ample supply of each is provided. French women are employed to keep the stoves burning, chop wood, and do the general cleaning around the offices and barracks.

The food served here is as good if not better than that served to us at two of the forts I was stationed at while in the United States. Most of the supplies are obtained from the United States, especially those supplies which cannot be obtained in Europe. Everything possible is being done to provide for the comforts of the men stationed in France.

The city itself is about three times the size of Asbury, and is three times the distance from Paris as Asbury is from New York. There is little amusement for the men here except the Y. M. C. A., and that which they provide themselves. The only reason the men go to town is for purchases and to the baths. These baths are open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and Sunday morning of each week. Shower baths at fifty centimes (8½c), and tub baths at one franc (17c), towels and soap extra.

Many of the men are learning to "parlez Francais" rapidly

and most of them can speak it well enough to order their meals. Several times I was surprised when asking for something in my best French to be answered with: "What did you say?"

The American Y. M. C. A. is doing a wonderful work here for the men, and does not stop at the American soldiers but treats all the Allied armies alike. For Thanksgiving they furnished free of all costs sandwiches, good American coffee, apples, and nuts. The men feel perfectly at home here. There is provided for their use a piano, victrola, games, reading and writing tables, stationery and other things which go a great way toward making the men comfortable. A moving picture machine is to be installed shortly. Their exchanges are situated adjacent to the camps at the different stops I made in travelling through England and France. The Paris Y. M. C. A. hotel is a wonderful place and every man who attended the dinner there the first part of October will never forget it. The price was only five francs, and was worth twenty to any man who endured the English war ration which was served us in travelling through England. This ration consists of two slices of bacon, tea, and two slices of bread.

On the boat coming across the Atlantic, I met Jim Ludlum of Sixth Avenue. He is driving an automobile for the Ordnance Department and is stationed at one of the large seaports of France.

Chester Miner is with the Railway Engineers of the U. S. Army at present serving with the British forces.

Lieutenant Wilson Hunt is stationed fifty miles from here.

The train service is very poor. The Erie at its best would put these trains to shame for speed. They run according to schedule like the Owl train of the Jersey Central.

The buildings (with few exceptions) remind me of the "Deserted Village of Allaire."

The people are very pleasant and encourage the learning of French by properly pronouncing any words which we do not happen to pronounce correctly. It seems that every youngster in France knows an English greeting of some sort, such as "good morning," "good night," "good bye," "hello," and numerous other words, and makes use of it at every opportunity.

Although this city is out of range of the large German guns, it is not out of range of the aeroplanes and we are not at all surprised if the lights go out suddenly during the evening.

A number of German aeroplanes were brought down nearby and four Zeppelins were brought down in a single attack about fifteen miles from here about a month ago. Allied aeroplanes are flying overhead quite often during the day.

Lieutenant Jay Sterner, '07

Lieutenant Jay Sterner entered the Officers Training Camp at Fort Niagara, N. Y., May 11, 1917. Upon the completion of his course he was commissioned as a first lieutenant and assigned to Camp Meade. At the latter place he was made Adjutant of the Tenth Machine Gun Battalion.

Lieutenant Sterner had extensive experience in foreign service. Sailing with the 79th Division he arrived at Brest about the middle of July 1917. After about two months further training in France the division entered the trenches September 20 before Mount Faucon. They took part in the Argonne-Meusse drive of September 27, were in the Troyom sector from October 10 to 20, and later in a sector just northeast of Verdun. Jay sailed from St. Nazaire May 8, 1919, arrived May 21, and was discharged June 5.

(Reported by Esther Miller, '20.)

CHAPTER XI

THE STUDENTS ARMY TRAINING CORPS

Another branch of the service in which a number of our boys were enlisted, was known as the Students' Army Training Corps, or as it was usually referred to in abbreviated form, the S. A. T. C. This organization in the colleges of this country, was established to give preliminary training to college boys, who would soon be in line for more active service. Many of them were destined for officers training schools in the South after the preliminary college work was completed. In this way it was hoped to supply a sufficient number of intelligent men as officers for the large army we were getting under arms.

Much of the training was given by the regular teaching personnel of the college, but some of it was directly under regular army officers.

Some of the subjects followed were mechanical and chemical engineering, mathematics, war issues, manual of military training, surveying and sanitation hygiene. In addition to these courses, there was other work of a more distinctly military character, such as field drill, military tactics, and guard duty.

Along side of this more serious side of the work, the boys engaged in certain lines of sport such as football, etc. One of the replies coming from Lehigh stated, "Our S. A. T. C. football team beat Lafayette's." Don't forget to record that.

The following is a fairly complete list of our alumni thus engaged.

(1) Brown University, Joseph Grossman.

(2) Columbia University, Everett Antonides.

(3) Georgetown University, Victor Carton.

(4) Lehigh University, Harold Craig, H. Laing, L. L. Drew, Preston Newman, W. Warren Nichols, Charles R. Wolfe, Fred and Victor De Wysocki.

(5) Princeton University, Eugene Astarita, Harold McClure, Gerald O'Hagan and Stanley Conklin.

(6) Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harry Rockafellow.

(7) University of Pennsylvania, Edgar Sherman, Willard Pittenger, Julius Goldberg.

(8) Hahnemann Medical College, Ruby Epstein, Joseph Aquilino.

(9) Lafayette College, Ira Tilton.

(10) Little Rock College, Daniel Traverso.

(11) Rutgers College, Lyle Gaige, Kenneth Angleman.

CHAPTER XII

NOTES ON STUDENTS AND ALUMNI IN THE SERVICE

The following personal notes on students and alumni are taken from the various issues of the *Beacon* during the period of the war. They are given in the order in which they appeared.

In the issue of November 1917 were found the following items:

Kenneth Angleman, '17, is employed at Camp Dix.

Jake Borden, '18, is stationed at Newport on the U. S. Torpedo boat "Biddle."

Nathaniel Burrell, Jr., '18, recently joined Company F, 368th Infantry, Camp Meade, Ind.

Percy Couse has entered military service and is now a corporal at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.

Among others from A. P. H. S. who have answered the nation's call are: Gene Corish, Norman Smith, James M. Coleman, Albert Wood, Russell Van Kirk, Theodore F. Appleby, Edward M. Hope, Dr. Wilson Hunt who is now in France, Arthur Ladow, James Forsyth.

From the issue of December 1917:

Samuel Guerin, '15, attending Princeton College, has taken and passed an examination for entrance in the Balloon Signal Corps. He will remain at Princeton until he receives his assignment.

O. Donn Burton, a Senior in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has enlisted as a private in the Ordnance Corps, National Army, and is assigned to Camp American University, Washington, D. C., where he is making war gas investigations.

Capt. Edward Glass, a member of Major General Blackson's staff, has just returned from France.

Samuel Guerin, '15, left on January 6 for Macon, Ga., where he is in the Balloon Section of the Aviation Corps.

Roy Duffield, '11, is in the Aviation Corps in Texas.

Richard Rowan, '12, is at Washington doing translation work.

Lieutenant E. D. Sterner, captain of our football team in

1912, is now stationed at Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, and has been elected on the All-American Service eleven.

Bruce Estelle is stationed at Anniston, Ala.

Russell Gardner of Company E, 114th Regiment, Camp McClellan has been transferred to the University of Washington, D. C.

Nathaniel Burrell, Jr., '18, is now sergeant of Company F., 368th Infantry, Camp Meade, Md.

Corporal Francis Porch is with Battery E, 112th H. F. A., at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.

Sergeant Vincent Layton, a former Asbury student, has arrived safely in France. Describing the entrance to the harbor "over there," he writes:

It was a beautiful sight as we sailed into the harbor early in the morning. It was not the dear old statue of Liberty that greeted our eyes but green grass covered hills with a city lying in a ravine. The scene was very picturesque and it seemed good to see land after seeing so much water. We were favored with very good weather until the sixth day out, when we struck a gale, and I never saw such waves—they were like huge mountains and the ship would rise time after time and then drop into the abyss below.

Roy Duffield, '11, of the Aviation Section of the Army, stationed at Park Field, Memphis, Tenn., has won his commission as lieutenant. Altogether he has been in the air about fifty hours and has executed the loop-the-loop, wing-overs, and tail-spins required before the completion of the aerial course.

Lieutenant E. D. Sterner, as a result of the standings he attained in the special courses at the Officer's Quartermaster School at Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla., has been promoted from second lieutenant to first. He is now stationed at Camp Hill, Newport News, Va.

Dr. Werner Hetrick, who for several weeks has been the house physician at the new Broad Street Hospital, New York, has been employed by the firm of Thompson and Sterritt to act as base hospital physician at their construction plant at Grassmere, S. I. Dr. Hetrick, will care for 3,000 men, and when more doctors are required will be the head physician.

Corporal James M. Coleman, of the high school faculty, is

now in France. Mr. Coleman is in the infantry and was formerly stationed at Charlotte, N. C.

Lieutenant Harry J. Rockafeller, '12, has completed a course in the Machine Gun Section at the United States Infantry School of Arms at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He is now with the 51st Infantry, Regular Army, at Chickamauga Park, Ga.

Harold Steward, '15, has left Syracuse University and is now at Camp Vail.

Abbott Forfar, '19, is in the Naval Reserve at Pelham, N. Y., and has been elected captain of the football team there.

Donald I. Burton, '13, has enlisted in the Navy.

James Forsyth, '15, is now in France with the Red Bank Ambulance Corps.

Norman Smith, '17, at Anniston, Ala., has been made a corporal.

Norman Bloodgood, '17, has left Rutgers and enlisted in the Navy. At present he is stationed at Pelham Park.

Willis Rydell, '16, is at Cape May in the Naval Reserve.

J. M. Coleman is a member of the 311th Infantry football team at Camp Dix.

From the issue of February 1918:

Lieut. Eugene Rockafeller, '12, of the 104th Military Police, has just treated two pathological cases which have caused so much interest among the dentists of the 29th Division that he has been invited to prepare a paper to be read before the staff of the base hospital.

Lieut. Harry J. Rockafeller, '12, of the 51st U. S. Infantry, is now taking a course of instruction in machine gun work at the U. S. School of Arms, Fort Sill, Okla.

Ennis Pierce is now a corporal at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

The following Christmas card was recently received, addressed to the alumni of Asbury Park High School:

In the Field, France.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Capt. Joly, '02.

CHAPTER XIII

THE END OF THE WAR

The following clippings from the *Beacon* of Christmas 1918 gave school accounts of the end of the war.

THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

With the signing of the armistice and the occupation of German Rhine territory, peace seems assured. The belligerent countries will now be occupied with reconstruction and the re-establishment of peaceful activities. The schools of America must join the army of reconstruction. Indeed, they must lead it. Our boys who have entered the service will come back, and we must do our utmost to put the school system in order so that they may receive the most benefit from their work. We must forget the irregularities which were perhaps permissible in war time and begin once more the orderly routine which gives us the greatest opportunity for improvement. The burden of the latter stages of reconstruction will be borne by those who are now students. We must therefore aim constantly at better education and preparation for future work. Let us, then, give our best effort and thought to school work and the task which lies before us.

THE CELEBRATION ON ARMISTICE DAY

It wasn't long after school had been dismissed, on Thursday, November 7, that the whistles began to blow and the bells rang. When we found out that it was the reported signing of the armistice, an impromptu parade of automobiles was formed. After riding around for a time, some one conceived the happy idea of coming to school and getting the service flag and A. P. H. S. banners. When, on the following Monday morning, we heard the armistice had really been signed, the A. P. H. S. turned out ensemble, and formed the marchers of a long parade. After marching around Asbury Park for a while, the route was made to include Ocean Grove. When we were joined by representation from Neptune H. S., the parade went down Main St., through Bradley Beach, and back to Asbury again. The final lap of the march

took the paraders through the business section to Steinbach's corner, where they dispersed. Again, Monday night, there was a large delegation from the school in the parade, which, added to the ground covered in the morning, sent home many tired and footsore, but happy A. P. H. S. students.

CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK CITY OVER THE END OF THE WAR, NOVEMBER 11, 1918.

The following letter written by the editor to his sister was printed in "The Daily News," Shamokin, Penna., about November 21. It gives a description of the great metropolis with the "lid off" on the day the armistice was signed November 11, 1918. It was thought that a copy of this letter might make a fitting end to this record of events herein recorded.

Asbury Park, N. J., November 18, 1918.

My dear Flo:

On a gray misty morn, one week after the celebration, life is still radiant with joy and the outward details of life no longer matter, for the War—Thank God—is over.

But few persons realized the depth and blackness of the pall that hung over our spirits until the cloud was lifted and the radiant light of victory of righteousness filled the empyreum and flooded our souls with "a light that never rested on land or sea."

Everything one holds dear was in the balance. It was not merely autocracy versus democracy in a political sense but all the moral and spiritual values—the noble and heroic traditions of the race which Christianity has ushered in and which the race has garnered up from time immemorial.

For the War Lords of Germany had taught that the bestial forces of might were supreme and that truth, honor, love, noble faith and sympathy were sentimental ideas worthy of the weak. It was more than a conflict of political ideas—it was a conflict of philosophies in which our foes had raised the graven image of rank materialism.

What New York did on the occasion of victory is beyond adequate description. Early on the morning of the 11th I was awakened in North Asbury by the piercing noise of the siren on a fire engine which passed the house. Then the bells began ringing

and the whistles blowing and I soon realized what it all meant.

This all began sometime after day break. Dressing quickly I went down town and joined the crowds gathering about the Press Office. There was the bulletin on the window telling in large black letters of the end of the world war. Newsies darting in every direction were crying "Extra! Extra! End of the World War." The motor fire trucks were dashing thru the streets and such a ringing of bells, touting of horns and sirens one never did hear.

After breakfast we gathered at the high school. There was no thought of school that day. Before long we were formed in an impromtu parade. It increased in size as it passed thru Asbury, Ocean Grove, Bradley Beach and several other small nearby places.

After this celebration and an early lunch, Mr. Huff and I decided to go over to New York. As we neared the city the train became packed and it was evident that many people for a hundred miles around were moving toward the metropolis to add to its five million celebrants.

Going over the North River I looked at the wonderful skyline and said to Mr. Huff, "Just think what it might have been."

On the way up to 23rd Street, the river presented an interesting sight of camflouaged vessels and far up on the east side the river were three or four transports filled with Blue and Khaki, but now waving frantically and screaming with joy.

We were soon at 23rd and Broadway where we took to foot. Both the pavements and the street were one solid mass of human beings. There were continuous processions of all sorts bearing signs and making all kind of noises. I looked on the right and there was a great marker written in French letters of gold—"They Shall Not Pass!"—and down below simply such words as "Marne, Cambria, Cantigny and Chateau Thierry."

Now it was history and I thought what names are those to the teeming millions that should follow.

The rest of the afternoon, all night and way into the next morning recall just one huge impression in which the details are largely missing.

Most of our time was spent between 23rd and 48th Streets on Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Everywhere there was one vast

throng of moving humanity—back and front and from left to right one great glare of lights, one great and continuous din, one wild acclaim.

It was tremendous and never to be forgotten. Mingled in the crowds and the procession, there were a great number of American soldiers and sailors together with those of France and some of the other allies.

Everything one sees on Hallow'een or Election Night, New Years Eve or at other carnivals, was there in full! The most striking banner I saw was one which quoted Bill Hohenzollern to Ambassador Girard: "After this war I will have no nonsense from America." Bill ought to have been in New York that night and read the bitter irony of fate.

Yours as ever,

F.

CHAPTER XIV

A COLLECTION OF SONGS USED IN SCHOOL DURING THE WAR

OVER THERE

Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run;
Hear them calling you and me;
Ev'ry son of liberty.
Hurry right away, no delay, go today,
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad,
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.

Ref.

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word, over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming every where.
So prepare, say a pray'r,
Send the word, send the word, to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over over there.

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Johnnie show the Hun, you're a son-of-a-gun,
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Like true heroes do or die.
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit,
Soldiers to the ranks from the towns and the tanks,
Make your mother proud of you,
And to liberty be true.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and
smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying? It never was worth
while;
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and
smile, smile, smile.

Get out your dollars in a nice big stack and
buy, buy, buy.
While there's a soldier that is not yet back,
buy and never sigh.
Buy your bonds now cheerfully for the boys have
done their job
So! Get out your dollars in a nice big stack and
buy, buy, buy.

GOOD MORNING, MISTER ZIP-ZIP-ZIP

We come from every quarter,
From North, South, East and West,
To clear the way to freedom
For the land we love the best
We left our occupations and homes so
far and dear,
But when the going's rather rough,
We raise this song of cheer:
Ref.
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine!
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you,
The Fatimas must,
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

You see them on the highway,
You meet them down the pike
In olive drab and khaki
Are soldiers on the hike,
And as the column passes,
The word goes down the line,
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip
You're surely looking fine.

HINDUSTAN

Hindustan, where we stopped to rest our tired caravan;
Hindustan, where the painted peacock proudly spread his fan;
Hindustan, where the purple sunbird flashed across the sand;
Hindustan, where I met her and the world began.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

They were summoned from the hillside;
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardships
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Ref.

Keep the Home fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

Over seas there comes a pleading,
"Help a Nation in distress,"
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honour bade us do no less.
For no gallant Son of freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of "Friend."

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day
As the streets are paved with gold, sure everyone was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

Ref.
It's a long long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary to the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long, way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know."
"If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."
Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly—Hoping you're the same."

SMILES

Dearie, now I know
Just what makes me love you so,
Just what holds me and enfolds me
In its golden glow;—
Dearie, now I see
'Tis each smile so bright and free,
For life's sadness turns to gladness
When you smile on me.
Ref.
There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Dearie, when you smile
Everything in life's worth while,
Love grows fonder as we wander
Down each magic mile;
Cheery melodies
Seem to float upon the breeze,
Doves are cooing while they're wooing
In the leafy trees.

LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
And the toil of a long day is o'er—
Though the road may be long in the lilt of a song
I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall,
I shall come to contentment and rest;
And the toils of the day will be all charmed away
In my little grey home in the west.

There are hands that will welcome me in,
There are lips I am burning to kiss—
There are two eyes that shine just because they are mine,
And a thousand things other men miss.
It's a corner of heaven itself
Though its only a tumble-down nest—
But with love brooding there, why no place can compare
With my little grey home in the west.

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory.
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.
Ref.
There's a long, long, trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams:
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Ev'rywhere I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

Ev'ry tear will be a memory,
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.
Tho' goodbye means the birth of a tear drop
Hello means the birth of a smile
And the smile will erase,
The tear blighting trace,
When we meet in the after-a-while.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

There's a song in the land of the lily
Each sweetheart has heard with a sigh
Over high garden walls
This sweet echo falls
As a soldier boy whispers good-bye.

Ref.

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by
I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lovers lane my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE

All my life is empty,
Since I went away,
Skies don't seem to be so clear,
May some angel sentry,
Guard you while I stray,
And fate be kind to join us some sweet day.
Ref.
Oh, How I want you,
Dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
Sweetheart may God bless you,
Angel hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you,
Dear old pal of mine.

Dearie I'm so lonely,
How I miss your smile,
And your tender loving way,
I just want you only,
Want you all the while
May God decree I have you back some day.

THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND

I've seem some beautiful flowers,
Grow in life's garden fair,
I've spent some wonderful hours,
Lost in their fragrance rare;
But I have found another,
Wondrous beyond compare.
Ref.
There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"
And it's wonderful to see,
Though it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years,
In my garden of memories,
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand;
'Mid the war's dread curse, stands the Red Cross Nurse,
She's the rose of "No Man's Land."

Out of the heavenly splendor,
Down to the trail of woe,
God in his mercy sent her,
Cheering the world below;
We call her "Rose of Heaven,"
We've learned to love her so.

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

The other day I chanced to meet a soldier friend of mine.
He'd been in camp for several weeks and he was looking fine,
His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy red,
I asked him how he liked the life, and this is what he said:

Chorus.

"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed,
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call—
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning.
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead,
I'll amputate his reveille,
And step on it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed."

A bugler in the army is the luckiest of men,
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again,
He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon,
If everything goes well with me I'll be a bugler soon.

(Compiled by Lillian Broder, '20)

CHAPTER XV

A LIST OF STUDENTS AND ALUMNI IN THE SERVICE

The following is a list of all our students and alumni in the service of whom we were able to learn.

Class 1921

Rieu, Frederick

Class 1920

Bernocco, George
Brown, William
Cardillo, Charles
Chamberlain, James
Jeffries, George
Moore, Edward
Warner, Garth
Ehrhart, Philip T.

Class 1919

Becker, Earnest
Brown, Horace
Chafey, William K.
Corish, Gene
Estelle, Bruce
Forfar, Abbott
Kleiberg, Harry
McCarthy, Frank
Patterson, George
Phillips, Adrian
Potter, Percy
Stonaker, Clifford
Warner, Roscoe
Wilson, Dave
Wood, Albert

Class 1918

Borden, Jacob
Burrell, Clarence
Burrell, Nathaniel
Carse, Marion
Chamberlain, James
Mayer, Lewis
Porch, Francis M.
Shoemaker, Elizabeth
Taylor, Hugh S.
Walton, Harry B.
Whyte, Twyford
Windsor, Harold

Class 1917

Anderson, John
Bearmore, Albert
Bernocco, Frank
Becker, William
Bloodgood, Norman
Brown, B. Franklin
Couse, William Percy
Duffy, William
Durand, Walter
Drew, Leslie
Ginn, Leonard
Hammell, Eugene
Huber, Jerome
Leonard, Lester
Luttge, Julius
Rudloff, Everett
Smith, Norman
Van Kirk, Russell
Vola, Andrew

Class 1916

Allen, Frank
Bennett, Joseph
Bloodgood, Dudley
Catte, Jack
Conover, Earle
Farrow, Edward
Gardner, Russell
Goetz, Gustav H.
Height, Leon
Minyard, William
Pear, Sam
Pryor, Arthur
Rockafeller, John
Rydell, Willis
Swan, James

Class 1915

Blades, Charles
Brown, Peter
Chamberlain, Clarence
Day, Adolphus
Fleck, Joseph
Forsyth, James
Guerin, Samuel
Grossman, Simon
Ladow, Arthur
Landin, Harold
Layton, Vincent
McMurray, Wayne
O'Hagan, W. Joseph
Pierce, Ennis
Southward, Wilbur
Smock, Harry
Steward, Harold
Taylor, William
Teunon, Russell
Teunon, Stanley
Wilbur, Franklin

Class 1914

Burton, Oliver Donn
Cavanaugh, George
Flanagan, Joseph
Hetrick, J. H. Werner
Hope, Edward M.
Hunter, Tom
Jones, Francis
Ludlum, James
Mattice, Martin
Simmons, Vernon
Taylor, Kroehl
Tusting, Philip
Winkler, Ross
Young, Charles Pickney

Class 1913

Appleby, Theodore, F.
Atchley, Donald
Brown, Herbert, Jr.
Burton, Donald I.
Durand, Frank Jr.
Garvey, Woolsey
Hickman, Alfred
Hope, Arthur Fred
Hunt, Dr. Wilson
Megill, Charles E.
Sterner, Donald
Stephens, John H.

Class 1912

Burtis, J. Ralph
Coble, G. Franklin
Coleman, Melville
Cornell, Edith M.
Couse, Joseph
Harvey, Stanley
Hayes, Harry
Jones, James
Jones, Joseph
Rockafellow, Eugene
Rockafellow, Harry J.
Rowan, Richard
Sampson, J.
Schaeuen, Saul
West, Paul

Class 1911

Duffield, Le Roy
McMurray, Donald
Newman, Everett
Ralston, James
Taylor, Paul

Class 1910

Gant, Charles H.
Gazda, Adolf A.
Knapp, Gordon
Morrow, Otway
Rugarber, Charles

Class 1909

Duffield, Harry Jr.
Glass, Edward
Ross, Henry M.
Ross, Milan Jr.
Yetman, Kenneth

Class 1908

Turner, Natalie

Class 1907

Morrow, Robert
Ross, Gillespie
Sterner, J. Willard

Class 1905

Slocum, Esther

Unclassified

Burdge, Dr. Fred
Hetrick, Dr. L. W.
Palmateer, Dr. Stanley
Potts, Dr. George W.

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